WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR AUGUST, 1806.

Embellished with a fine Portrait of MRS. H. JOHNSTON, of Covent-Garden Theatre, now performing in Ireland. A Biographical Sketch will shortly be given.

CHARLES STANHOPE, EARL OF HARRINGTON. (With a Portrait.)

FROM the number of those on whom the public rely for support and safety in the present critical season, we select the nobleman whose portrait is before us, as one who has obtained the confidence of mankind in an eminent degree, who adds diligence to talents, and by an honourable and sedulous discharge of important duties, confers credit on his profession, and lustre on his station.

CHARLES STANHOPE, EARL OF HARRINGTON, was born March 20, 1753. After a suitable education, he decided on a military life; and in 1770, at the age of seventeen, obtained an ensigncy in the foot guards. In 1774 he was advanced to the command of the light company of the 29th regiment of foot; which, in 1776, he exchanged for the grenadier company of the 29th. In February in that year, this regiment embarked for Quebec, and did duty there until the arrival of the army from Europe, under the command of major-general Burgoyne, when the whole was ordered up the river St. Lawrence in pursuit of the Americans. During this active campaign, lord Harrington acted as an aid-de-camp to general Burgoyne, and his services in that capacity were particularly noticed by that unfortunate general.

After the disastrous issue of the campaign, lord Harrington was sent to England with the dispatches, and shortly after his arrival in London he purchased a company in the foot guards. In 1779 his father died, and he succeeded to his title; and in that year he married miss Fleming, by whom he has a numerous issue.

About this time letters of service were issued to raise a number of new regiments, one of which was given to his lordship, who soon completed it as the 85th; and shortly after he embarked with it to Jamaica, as lieutenant-colonel-commandant. In the arrangement which followed, his lordship was made a brigadier-general, with the command of the flank companies of all the regiments.

His lordship's health suffered much from the climate; though his situation was much alleviated by the presence and attention of lady Harrington, who shared the fortunes and perils of her husband. On his return home he was nominated one of the aid-de-camps to his majesty, which gave him the rank of colonel in the army.

On the death of lieutenant-colonel Calcraft, of the 65th foot, the regiment was presented to lord Harrington, who soon after embarked with it to Ireland, where he introduced into his regiment sir David Dundas's new system of tactics, since become general.

In 1785, his lordship's regiment be-

ing ordered to America, he obtained his majeſty's permiſſion to return to England; and, for the firſt time ſince his entrance upon a military career, enjoyed the tranquillity of leiſure and the ſweets of domeſtic life. His ſeat in Derbyſhire was his principal reſidence during that period of retirement.

In 1788, he was appointed to the 29th regiment, which was ſtationed at Cheltenham and Windſor during the royal reſidence. At the latter place it was continued in garriſon for three years; a circumſtance, we believe, without a precedent or example. In December 1792, he was nominated colonel of the firſt regiment of life guards, with the gold ſtick.

At the promotion of general officers in 1793, his lordſhip was made a major-general, and during the active campaigns on the continent applied to his majeſty that he might be ſent with his regiment to ſerve under the duke of York; but his appointment of gold ſtick prevented the application taking effect. His majeſty, however, being deſirous of becoming acquainted with certain matters on the continent, and the operations of the army, particularly the Britiſh, ſent lord Harrington on a private miſſion to the duke of York, with whom he remained for a ſhort time.

His lordſhip, on the 9th of January 1798, was advanced to be lieutenant-general, and was ſecond in command on the London ſtaff. He has alſo been made a privy counſellor. His exertions in placing the volunteer corps on a reſpectable and effective footing have been apparent to every obſervation. To ſuch ſervices no individual applauſe can add any celebrity; it can only come with propriety from the nation at large, which it is to be hoped will, ere long, hail the deliverers of mankind in the downfall and deſtruction of democracy and deſpotiſm, and their inſolent and implacable abettors.

As a further proof of his majeſty's regard and confidence, he has been pleaſed to nominate the earl of Harrington, to be commander of the forces in Ireland, for the duties of which he is every way well qualified. His lordſhip has juſt aſſumed the command (to which he has been long appointed) held *ad interim* by gen. Floyd. He has alſo been ſworn one of the privy council in Ireland

---

Britiſh Theatricals.

JULY 9.

A COMEDY in three acts, from the pen of mr. T. Dibdin, was preſented, for the firſt time, at the Hay market, under the title of '*Five Miles Off*; or, The Finger Poſt;' the characters being thus repreſented:

Kalendar, mr. Fawcett; Edward Frankland, mr. Rae; Sordid, mr. Grove; Firebrand Flail, mr. Chapman; Laurence Luckleſs, mr. De Camp; John Spriggins; mr. Mathews; Solomon Flouriſh, mr. Liſton; O' Gimlet, mr. Denman; Footpad, mr. Hatton. Mary Flail, mrs. Mathews; Jane, mrs. Gibbs; Mrs. Prudence Flail, mrs. Powell; Laura, miſs Tyrer.

The following is an outline of the piece:—

Mr. Frankland, a country gentleman, miſled by Old Sordid, his ſteward, diſinherits his ſon, and leaves his eſtate deeply mortgaged, and entirely in the power of the man who had deceived him. Young Frankland, whoſe irregularities had been privately abetted by his betrayer, thus finds himſelf left at the mercy of the world; and the intelligence is farther embittered by a letter from Squire Flail, father of the female he had been promiſed, diſcloſing an intended alliance with the natural ſon of the falſe ſteward, who, to conceal the connexion which gave him birth, had brought his child up in ignorance of his parents. Edward Frankland ſets out for Harveſt Hall, the ſeat of Squire Flail, in hopes to ſoften his determination. Luckleſs (Sordid's ſon) is alſo led thitherward, by an advertiſement from his father, who journeys toward the ſame place to forward the treaty of marriage in

favour

Mrs. H. Johnston

favour of his ſon. Edward, on his road, reſcues Mary Flail from a ruffian; but, ſo far from prevailing on her father to relent in conſequence, Flail only ironically promiſes, that if Edward, within twelve hours, can produce a freehold tenement, an acre of land, and one article of live ſtock, within ſix miles of Harveſt Hall, he ſhall have the hand of his daughter.

Mr. Kalendar, a mathematical, philoſophical oddity, and a very warm friend to Edward, diſcovers a half obſolete foreſt-law, which enables him to aſſiſt the young man in fulfilling, on a ſmall ſcale, the above hard conditions in the given time, and without purchaſe.

Sordid, and his ſon Luckleſs being ſeverally miſled on their journey, by a wrong-pointed finger-poſt, five miles from the Hall, are ſufficiently delayed to give time for the accompliſhment of Edward's plan. Sordid, fearful of being robbed, hides his money and ſome valuable papers on the very ſpot over which Edward's temporary manſion is afterwards erected, as part of the ſtipulation required by Squire Flail; and the title deeds of Edward's paternal property being found under his newly-raiſed roof among the other papers concealed by Sordid, (whoſe ſon proves to be already married,) an accommodation is effected between all parties.

The eccentricities of Kalendar; the jealouſy of Mrs. Prudence Flail, a maiden lady who is enamoured of him; the ruſtic courtſhip of Jenny, and John Spriggins; with the formality of a painting quaker, and the miſtakes of an Iriſh carpenter; diverſify the filling up of the foregoing outline.

The title of the piece is derived from the direction-poſt made by an Iriſh carpenter, in the centre of a wood where four roads meet. Being ſomewhat too low he gives it a *moveable head*, that it may give way when any perſon runs againſt it; and thus reverſes its directions, veering about like a weather cock, which occaſions ſome aukward *contretems*.

The comedy is plentifully beſprinkled with all the peculiarities of mr. Dibdin's muſe, and exhibits a lively and amuſing collection of points and puns, ſometimes new, and ſometimes not—humorous ſallies—and comic, though ſomewhat improbable, ſituations.

The principal ſtrength of the piece is exerted in the character of Kalendar, who is a ſort of Caleb Quotem, with his brain ſtuffed full of almanacks, orreries, teleſcopes, horoſcopes, barometers, thermometers, &c. This diverting humouriſt is admirably perſonated by Fawcett, to whoſe exertions the ſucceſs of the comedy is greatly indebted. Liſton, as a quaker, has a comic ſong, and miſs Tyrer a ballad, which were both encored. The other characters were well ſupported by meſſrs. Rae, De Camp, Grove, Mathews, and mrs. Gibbs.

The moveable finger-poſt was a whimſical idea, and produced much mirth. In alluſion to the manſion that he had erected, mr. Fawcett concludes the comedy with remarking, that the *fabric* was of ſlender materials; but he truſted it would meet with approbation, as it was only intended for a *ſummer-houſe*. The appeal met with applauſe; and the repetition of the comedy for next evening, announced by Fawcett, was received with the loud, and (in more ſenſes than one) the *warm* acclamations of a moſt crowded auditory.

The author was favoured both with prologue and epilogue by mr. Colman. The firſt is a ſpirited compoſition, but it is not a juſt argument that a piece is neceſſarily good becauſe it is attractive. We ſee every day that what has leaſt merit brings moſt money to the theatre. Nor are we bound to reſpect a play becauſe it has received the *fiat* of the licencer, who looks, we apprehend, more to its political than its moral tendency, or its literary merit. The epilogue has much point.

Eſſex

Eſſay on Domeſtic Comfort. By the Author of the 'Eſſays after the Manner of Goldſmith.'

Happy the man who his whole time doth bound
Within th' enclofure of his little ground. COWLEY.

THERE is not an object more intimately connected with our happineſs in this world, than that which is called *Domeſtic Comfort*. Domeſtic comfort is the pure ſpring, the fountain head, of all our beſt enjoyments and pleaſures. It is

'Liquida voluptas et puræ.'

It is full of peace. It is the luxury of the good man, and is worth all the pleaſures the world affords.

A man's home is not only his caſtle, but it is his ſanctuary; it is his retreat from buſineſs, from the fatigues of ceremony, from falſity, and from abſurdity. It is there where he becomes reaſonable, where the ill uſage or neglect of the world expires, and where vanity dies a natural death. Happy are thoſe who know how to ſet a proper value upon *home*.

It may be ſaid by the reſtleſs, the curious, or the buſy man, that the ſameneſs of a domeſtic life is intolerable, and that ſome change, ſome variety is wanting. But the proof of its real value to the mind is, that even theſe are glad to return to it again.—There are, indeed, a few of good ſpirits and gay hearts, who, let them wander about as they chooſe, are never put out of their way. Among this number is *Tom Make-ſhift*. Tom, even before his entrance into the world, was a traveller. His father was an officer in the navy, and married a young lady who had eloped from her friends and joined a ſtrolling company. The lieutenant died when Tom was only a boy, and did not leave his wife in very comfortable circumſtances; ſo that ſhe renewed her former engagements. Tom, therefore, commenced ſtroller at a very early age, and was carried about with his mother from town to town for ſeveral years, and has even made a *debût* himſelf when only five years old. It happened, however, that a rich uncle of his took ſome uncommon pains (and which indeed is an uncommon thing for uncles to do) to find out his brother's wife and child, and took Tom and his mother home, where ſhe ſoon after fell ill, and followed her huſband out of the world. Tom's uncle and friend had children of their own; and to them, when he died, he left his property, bequeathing, however, a ſum of three thouſand pounds to Tom; which, as he had not been brought up to any profeſſion, and being of a gay and expenſive turn of mind, he very ſoon managed to get through, together with ſome money which his couſins had lent him at different times to get him out of ſcrapes.

At length Tom Make-ſhift was arrived to that ſituation where a man is obliged to look round him what to do for the beſt, as a celebrated wit of the preſent day uſed to do when his fortunes were very different to what they are at preſent; which was, to take a ride to the outſkirts of the town to ſurvey the ſmoke of the different chimnies, to be enabled to gueſs out of which of the houſes they individually appertained to, he would be moſt likely to get a dinner. Tom, however, made ſhift to by an eighth of a ticket in the lottery which came up a prize of ten thouſand pounds. Tom very prudently laid out his money to advantage, and bought a well ſecured annuity; which was but, however, a ſcanty allowance for a man who would be a gentleman. Tom rented a ſmall ſet of chambers, and had a laundreſs who, like moſt other laundreſſes, robbed him whenever ſhe had an opportunity, but it was only of the pence which he uſed to lay about on the tables and mantle-ſhelf. He was often perſuaded by his brother templars to turn her away. Tom's anſwer was, that he did not keep her becauſe ſhe did not rob at *all*, but becauſe ſhe *robbed ſo little*. A very great change had now taken place in Tom's character. He was moſt whimſically careful, and took the greateſt pains not to lay out his money in

trifles

trifles and *gew-gaws* for which he had no real occasion, or which could be supplied, as for their usefulness, on much more moderate terms. He used to say, that nothing could be more absurd than to lay out money in patent articles, which were not a whit better than the plain things of former days.—'For instance, now,' cried Tom, 'for shaving utensils, there is your patent razor-strop, costs four or five shillings, when the fact is, that a strip of leather, which could be had for twopence, is the best article of the two, and for the *best* of all reasons, because nothing else is to be found in the *rasoriums* throughout the kingdom, where we may be sure the art of making the implement as good as it can be, is in perfection. Then for your fine scented wash-balls; a little piece of plain soap washes a great deal cleaner, and the best scent, after all, is cleanliness: a gardener's watering-pot is a very excellent shower-bath, and a mattress much wholesomer to lay upon than a feather bed; and as for the attendance of servants, there never was but one in whom I could confide, and that was *myself*. It is astonishing how soon a thing is done when we get up to do it, without being at the trouble to ring three or four times for what would have cost one the labour of an instant. Happily, in this life our wants, after all, are few; though it is adversity only which can teach us with how little we can make shift.'

But what added most to the continual felicity of Tom's life was, that his heart was free and good natured, and he had reserved himself money enough, whenever he saw a proper occasion to indulge his inclination, to enable him to do good, and that he was at home any where and every where. 'I am,' says he, 'never in want of a home, where I see cleanliness, decency, and a bible upon the parlour table. I carry my night-cap in my pocket, and never refuse the chair which is offered me at the fire-side of an honest man. I feel myself safe, and fancy that the *Lares*, or domestic gods of the ancients, are protecting the humble dwelling from harm. Yet these were not the places where my pride, and want of knowledge of the most esteemed goods of life, made me formerly desirous to put up. I must needs frequent the mansions of the *great*. I took it into my head once to pay a visit to an old school-fellow, who had inherited a large fortune, and who had married an heiress. *Bill Lustre* was a man of fashion, and his wife a woman of fashion. Their seat was described in the Road Book as one of the most beautiful and superb; and lawns, paddocks, and shrubberies, surrounded the mansion. My friend received me very graciously, and introduced me to his lady, who received me also with the greatest affability and kindness. A most elegant and exquisite dinner was served up. There were no visitors, and the time passed in a conversation as refined as it was sensible and rational. I retired to my room, delighted with my reception and entertainment. 'Here,' cried I, 'I should wish to dwell, for here are the delights of refinement, of hospitality, and domestic peace united.'

The next day at breakfast the same desirable conversation and manners were resumed. I walked out with my friend before dinner, when I took occasion to mention the ideas of his felicity. He answered me with a slight approbation, and presently the discourse took another turn; and when we met at dinner, I prepared myself for a renewal of the enjoyment of the day before. 'The lady seemed more condescending, more gracious, more lovely, than I ever had seen her: but in an instant an outrageous storm came on; the fair face of the hostess was clouded with vexation, rage, and rancour, and her bosom heaved with resentment; poor Bob Lustre had happened to say, that one of her female acquaintance was handsome. 'I am astonished, mr. Lustre, that you can mention such a wretch as that in my presence!' and then this fair and accomplished lady bestowed upon the object of her scorn all the vile epithets that could be obtained in the scope of the English language, with

a few

a few French ones to help out. 'I thought at first,' cried Tom, 'that this was the disorder of jealousy, which, as it is sometimes said to be the effect of love, and is very rare among the *great*, I entertained a sort of respect for; but I found afterwards, that my friend's was only a marriage of convenience on both sides, and that they neither of them cared a fig for the other. I was in great distress of mind the next day, and was ruminating on my probable uncomfortable situation when we three should meet again; but to my astonishment, at dinner all was serene and unclouded, as if nothing had happened. I was delighted at the thought of their having made up their quarrel. They prevailed upon me to stop a fortnight; and so I did, and no longer; for within that time, such was the climate of the place, that these tempests and hurricanes happened almost every six or seven hours, and increased more and more with my stay. 'This,' said I, 'is no home for me:' so I took my leave of it, and got into a post-chaise.

Another visit which I paid was to a friend, whose lady being literary as well as himself, and both very accomplished, I had found, as I thought, a very delightful *sejour*; and the entertainments of music, singing, dancing, and poetry, occupied the evenings. There was not any thing that could be more charming; and here I fancied that I should like to pass a few months, until I observed a sort of discontent and restlessness between the parties, which I could not account for, until I found out that in fact the lady was not married, and of course not visited in the neighbourhood, and that she had spent some years of a most licentious and vicious course of life, and that they had at length agreed to live together as man and wife; which, indeed, I thought at first they actually were.

'It was here that I had an opportunity of noticing the precarious tenure vice holds of happiness, and that affection, to be true, must be honest and virtuous. Vice is ever dissatisfied with itself. Like as an ugly person who in vain is always looking in the glass, in hopes to get in favour with his appearance, so the vicious are constantly endeavouring to reconcile to their situation circumstances of happiness incompatible with it. I found that the exterior of pleasure was all that was to be met with here, and that the struggles of pride and the language of mutual reproach interfered with every attempt after domestic peace.—I soon took my leave also of this family, saying, 'This is no home for me.'

'My next trial,' cried Tom, 'was at the house of a gentleman of good disposition, and who was married, as I had been told, to a very amiable lady. I found them as might be expected, very kind and sociable together; yet I thought I discovered (for by this time I was a tolerable physiognomist) an expression of uneasiness in the countenance of my friend, which I was at a loss to reconcile with his situation, as he had a good estate. Being very intimate with mr. Wilson, (for that was my friend's name,) I took an opportunity, when we were left together one day after dinner, to express my opinion of his situation, and of the notice I had taken of his sometimes appearing uneasy, for which I knew no cause, as he had an amiable wife and children, a pretty estate, a good house, and faithful domestics—'I am quite in love with one of your servants,' said I, 'that old man who waits behind your chair. I never saw a more prepossessing face.'—'Softly,' interrupted my friend; 'between you and I, that man with the prepossessing countenance, who waits behind my chair, is a *man* in possession: there has been an execution in the house these six months.'

'I could not find it in my heart to take my departure from my friend,' cried Tom, 'in the hour of distress; but he was so much involved, that he found no shelter from the unmercifulness of his creditors until he sought it in a prison.

'I have often thought,' cried Tom, 'of

'of the domeſtic comfort of matrimony for myſelf, but have not yet been able to ſelect the object that I ſhould like. My wife,' cried he, 'muſt be tolerably handſome, very ſenſible, and very amiable. I ſhould like her to be my friend and adviſer, but not to offer that friendſhip or advice accompanied by the offenſive language of reflection and reproach, leſt I ſhould be ſo alarmed at her confidence as to conceal many things from her which, if taken in time, might be remedied. It is not the part of a phyſician to ſay, 'Why did not you take more care than to catch this ague or this fever?' It is the part of the patient to tell every thing to his phyſician; and he does it, ſeeking a cure from his ſkill and attention. He muſt, therefore, follow rigidly his advice; and if he does not, then it is time for the doctor to be angry. The misfortune of married people is, that being perhaps of different opinions, they contract a mutual diſlike for each other's ſentiments and manners. The man, perhaps, is fond of company, of faſhion, of the elegancies of life; the lady, who has perhaps been brought up in the country, loves retirement and books. Thus they are already at *variance* in their purſuits, it would not, however, be difficult for an amiable woman to draw her huſband imperceptibly from folly: but ſhe muſt not be ſeen to *pull*, nor *pull* too hard; ſhe muſt allure and engage him, by preſenting to his view the *luxuries* of domeſtic happineſs; and where he will conſtantly find his repoſe, his comfort, and convenience, he will be apt to dwell; he will ſay to thoſe who come to invite him, 'I had rather ſtay at *home*;' '*Home* is the beſt after all;' 'I feel no inclination to go out; and whenever I do, I feel the greateſt enjoyment in finding myſelf once again ſeated by my own fire-ſide.' Another great cauſe of diſagreement among married people, proceeds from the contemptible opinion the huſband too often entertains of the mind, talents, or accompliſhments of his wife; or, on the other ſide, that which the lady has for thoſe of her huſband. It is dangerous for either party to entertain ſuch notions, and which are often unjuſt, ſince, though they may not be alike in every thing, they may variouſly excel, and ought in truth to inſtruct, and not to expoſe each other where they are deficient. I knew,' cried Tom, 'a couple whoſe ſtory may ſerve to illuſtrate what I have ſaid in a manner uſeful to matrimony. Colonel *Poliſh* had a very handſome fortune, which he derived in part from his marriage with a very amiable woman who was the daughter of a country clergyman. She was very mild and gentle in her manners, and had the ſtrongeſt deſire to behave as would be moſt agreeable to her huſband. The colonel had not, however, any opinion of her wit, or of her qualifications to do the honours of his table. He took it into his head, therefore, that he muſt dine out; and whenever he wiſhed to entertain a party of friends, it was always done at a coffee-houſe, to the great concern and regret of his wife, who loved his company, and ſought to pleaſe him by her attentions in vain; not that he was inſenſible of her good intentions, but he had no opinion of her manners. He knew when he married her, that though ſhe underſtood baking and brewing, preparing pickles and feeding poultry, ſhe could not diſſect a fowl with adroitneſs, by cutting through the wings without lifting up the ſide, nor cut up a hare *à la mode Françoiſe*, neither was ſhe miſtreſs of thoſe polite and elegant compliments and attentions to be ſhown to company, ſo much the requiſites of a woman of faſhion. This habit of dining from home almoſt every day continued for ſome time: and poor mrs. Poliſh ſaw but little of her huſband, except when he returned home at night. The colonel was, nevertheleſs, very indulgent; and he left his lady perfectly at liberty to make any parties that ſhe pleaſed for herſelf. She did not want good ſenſe, and formed her plan accordingly. She invited to dinner one day ſeveral of her moſt reſpectable friends, and among the number a lady of title, a baronet who knew her father,

and

and a general in the army: after which she continued her invitations, and regularly saw company three times a week. At length, one day her husband, having been disappointed of a party abroad, returned home to dinner at seven o'clock, and came into the room as just a brilliant party had sat down. The colonel was dressed; and therefore after a few compliments, he was prevailed upon by his lady to sit down with them. She was doing the honours of the table, and asked him in a polite and graceful manner what she should help him to. He answered her with equal politeness, watching at the same time every action and attitude.—Eliza was in good spirits; she was seated with her friends; the *debût* was the colonel's. Eliza had the advantage, and she kept it; she carved too with neatness and adroitness, better than the colonel could have done.—'This can never be my wife,' cried he to himself; 'I took her for a homely puss; I am much mistaken. I'll dine oftener at home, if this be the case.'

After tea and coffee in the drawing-room, the company took their leave, and left the colonel and his wife together. The party were no sooner gone, than the colonel, who was yet ruminating on what he had seen passing before him at dinner, broke from his reverie: 'Why, Eliza, you have performed wonders! I have seen a miracle! When did you learn to carve? 'Gad, I must have a dinner party at home to-morrow.'—Mrs. Polish answered, with her natural dignity, and without spleen, 'My dear colonel, I was brought up a housewife in the country; but I had received a good education, and my good father's precepts taught me always to try to please. I was, as you were pleased to tell me, tolerably handsome, but an unpolished country girl. I never felt until after that I married an accomplished gentleman, that I was unfit to be his wife, that I could not perform the duties of my station; but as I knew that I had a wish to please, and a desire to learn to do so, I did not despair; and as there were receipts for carving as well as for cookery and pickling, I thought the one might be as easily acquired as the other two. My first business was to make a friend of lady Caroline Bonton, who was always very much attached to me. I became her *elève*. She had me at her dinners, at her parties, at her routs; and though I cannot say that I did not find some of these extremely insipid, yet I endeavoured to assimilate my manners to them; and thus I became a tolerably correct copiest. I invited her ladyship in turn; and she did me the honour to bring several others who liked French dinners and *petit soupers*. She was kind enough to remain after the departure of the rest, and to tell me how I behaved, and what faults I had committed. Mine, my dear husband, has been a trial part, my *debût* at the table. If I have succeeded so as to please the manager, I am content; and I hope that he will not refuse me a constant engagement, nor be afraid that we shall perform to an empty house whenever this *farce* may be repeated.'—'Bravo!' answered the colonel; 'but rather severe the last part. Eliza, you are right: these things are not of so high a value as is set upon them by the world; yet as the *frivole* is perhaps more ornamental than the *solide*, it is preferred by them. However, your good success has opened my eyes against one ungenerous prejudice entertained in my mind, that you could never have acquitted yourself so well. I should not have been convinced by any mode of argument. An accident, or rather your ingenuity, has done it completely; and it satisfies me that any thing may be made of the good and docile; that they are never contemptible; and that they are never ashamed of any but of the vulgar and impudent. The ignorant who desire to learn are under our protection; and though we may smile at the mistakes of the ingenuous novice, a conscious blush will come upon our cheek at the same time for it.'

Tom Makeshift remains single, with the greatest respect for matrimony; and though he has a *home* of his own, where he is glad to receive at all times

fhe one who wants a *home*, he is never thicker at *home* himfelf wherever he goes. *Arrogance* feldom infults him, nor does *Avarice* bring out the brown loaf where he vifits. Tom is no *toad-eater* nor trencherman; yet whenever he goes, good fenfe and good nature go with him, and his company is always deſirable, becauſe in his kind and honeſt nature and good fenſe all men feel ſafe and happy.

The comfortable fire-ſide in winter, and the refreſhing garden in ſummer, are the recreations of *home*. But all theſe are nothing, unleſs the heart is without care and chearful; for whenever it is intent upon any inward object of the mind, ſuch as the approach of danger, of ruin, of ſhame, and the preſence of anxious fears and difficulties, it cannot be ſaid to enjoy.

'Ventura enim abominatur et adverſatur ec declinat; quæ formidat tamen, unde tremit et angitur: hinc adverſatio, timer et formido, tremor et anxietas.' *J. A. Comenio.*

'For evil things to come it abhorreth, diſturbeth, and ſhunneth, and yet feareth them; it ſhaketh and is perplexed; from hence is loathing, fear, and dread, trembling and penſiveneſs.'

Indeed it appears, that when the mind is diſturbed and anxious, delights and comforts are at variance with it; a ſcene more ſuited to its contemplations, or that can divert by its novelty, is more acceptable. Unhappy muſt the man be who flies from *home*.

It is this wretched ſtate of mind which makes us pleaſed with horrors, and by which we bear the inclemency of the elements with a ſhrug of luxurious miſery. It is this analogy which makes the warrior become intimate with objects of blood, which animate the oppreſſed with hatred, and the wronged with the fancied delights of revenge; and which temperament is finely deſcribed by dr. Young, in his character of Zanga.

'I like this rocking of the battlements:
Rage on ye winds, burſt clouds, and waters roar;
Ye bear a juſt reſemblance to my fate,
And ſuit the gloomy habit of my ſoul.'

Men, therefore, to be happy, muſt be reaſonable and juſt. They muſt drop revenge, hatred, enmity, and perſecution. They muſt abandon vice as incompatible with a ſcheme of peaceful enjoyment of life; and when they fancy ſo many charms in the gay ſcenes of diſſipation, let them give a fair trial to the delights of *home*; let the wife receive her huſband with affection, burying in her tender regard for his happineſs every thing like reflection and reproach; and let the huſband, conſidering as he ought, that his companion of the weaker ſex leans for ſupport on him, avoid any thing like that diſguſting affectation of ſuperiority which, while it gives pain, ſows the ſeeds of diſcontent and diſlike fatal to love. G. B.

Character of a Negatively Good Man.

ALL virtue conſiſts in *effort*—effort to avoid evil and to obtain good; but how many are there who paſs ſpecioufly through the world, without having made any conſiderable moral effort in their lives! An eaſy ſituation, a happy conſtitution of body and mind, tranquil times, indulgent friends, free many from the neceſſity of exerting any of the energies of the ſoul, either in acting or ſuffering. Such perſons may perhaps merit no particular cenſure;—'explent numerum,' they fill up the number of which ſociety is compoſed; but let not the mere negation of what would be ſcandalous or puniſhable—the practice of the common decencies of life, be exalted into virtue!

I will give you an example of a character of this ſort. Mr. —— was born the heir to a conſiderable eſtate. He received the uſual education of perſons in his rank; and, after paſſing through the little irregularities of youth, he married early, and ſettled at his paternal manſion. Here, he lived pleaſantly and hoſpitably among his neighbours; opened his purſe in a hard ſeaſon to the

poor; renewed his tenants' leaſes upon moderate terms; took his ſeat on the bench of juſtices, and acted (when he acted at all) with lenity; ſuffered his wife to regulate his family with decorum, and his phyſician to keep him to good hours and a ſober bottle; went to church conſtantly every Sunday morning, and took the clergyman home with him to dine; ſpoke kindly to his ſervants; avoided quarrels of every ſort; was civil about his game to all qualified ſportſmen, and not remarkably rigorous to poachers; took the prevailing ſide in politics, but could bear to converſe with the oppoſite party; ſerved the office of high ſheriff with credit, and once in his life made a ſummer campaign with his county militia;—and thus, with an eaſy temper, and good conſtitution, drew on to his fiftieth year, when a fever, caught by riding home after a club dinner, carried him off. 'Poor Mr. —— ! what a worthy man have we loſt!' cried all the neighbours; and the rector of the pariſh, in his funeral ſermon, compared him to all that is good and great among mankind; ſtyled him the true chriſtian, the father of the poor, the friend of his country, the model of gentility, and diſmiſſed him from this world of *toil* and *trouble* to the enjoyment of a bleſſed eternity.

Thus it is, that, maintaining a decent demeanour, fulfilling the common offices impoſed on ſocial life, complying with the cuſtoms of the world, and, above all, not interfering with the pleaſures and intereſts of other people, confer a reputation which is generally in proportion to the rank and fortune of the perſon, and often, in an inverſe ratio, to the pains ſuch a conduct has coſt him. For, what have been the efforts or ſacrifices of a life like that above deſcribed? To the man in affluent circumſtances, what is the merit of a little pecuniary liberality?—to one, not enſlaved by habit to any inordinate gratification, what is the coſt of a temperance, which excludes no enjoyment compatible with health?—to him, whom all court and careſs, whoſe ſmiles are favours, and whoſe ordinary civilities are condeſcenſions, what is the taſk of affability and good nature?—to the lover of his eaſe, placid, and perhaps timid, by diſpoſition, where is the virtue of unambitious retirement, and a pacific behaviour? If a computation is properly made, how much more is ſuch a man indebted to ſociety, than ſociety to him! O. O.

Adventures of a Pen.

THERE is always a taſte in writing peculiar to the times; and biography ſeems to be the moſt faſhionable ſpecies of modern literature; but like every other, it is rendered leſs eſtimable by the attempts of common imitators. It is unfortunate, that the great cannot enjoy the triumph of a new invention in their ſtables, nor the beautiful any innovation in their dreſs, (which they deſign, to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the inferior world,) becauſe the unqualified vulgar aſſert their privilege of copying the follies of their *betters*: and before the ladies have made their ſecond appearance in public, they have the mortification to ſee their mutilated ſacks, or altered ruffles, trailing at the trains and dangling at the elbows of their chambermaids or tradeſwomen. And thus it is in compoſition; for an author no ſooner produces ſomething *original*, and admirable, into the world, but a ſwarm of imitators copy his grains of ſentiment and language at ſecond-hand, with equal abſurdity and impropriety, as the chambermaid the airs and elegancies of her lady's dreſs and manners. The exquiſite ſimplicity of Gray, and the uncommon ſublimity of Milton, has been attempted in ten thouſand elegies and poems; and becauſe Smollet, Cibber, and a few others, have ſucceeded in preſenting a picture of their lives and conduct to the public, every inſignificant emmet who crawls upon the face of the earth has thought proper to blot paper; and be the hero of an uſeleſs tale.

The *origin* of hiſtory is noble: it was *formerly* a generous tribute, which men of genius and curioſity paid to the names and reputation of their ancet-

tors:

tors: it was a faithful regiſter, in which was recorded the virtues and heroic achievements of ſuch as had marked their lives with particular honours, and ſignalized themſelves in the ſenate, on the ocean, or in the field; the magnanimity of the warrior, the loyalty of the patriot, and the wiſdom of the counſellor, was equally applauded, and their examples recommended to our imitation. The hiſtorian held up to our view the mirror of truth, and pointed out to us *ſuch* actions as deſerved regard and immortality; and by *his* aſſiſtance, the offspring of the great and good, even to his loweſt deſcendants might be touched with hereditary ardour, and emulate the excellence of their progenitors. But hiſtory is now degraded by romance; and to commemorate the intrigues of a miſtreſs, or the riots of a toper, to celebrate ſuch beings as have never diſtinguiſhed themſelves by any efforts either of manual, mental, or mechanic ſuperiority, is generally the buſineſs of *modern biographers*.

Amidſt ſuch an infinite variety of examples to keep my endeavours in countenance, I ſurely ſhall be pardoned if I relate a ſeries of circumſtances, which however ludicrous they may appear, yet often happen in real life.

I was involved in the foregoing reflections, when I (the other night) retired to repoſe, and ſoon after dropping to ſleep, imagination continued my ideas, and in one of her accuſtomed whimſies repreſented the pen with which I had been writing *burleſquing* the hiſtoric mode, and (ſtarting from its ſtandiſh) addreſſing me as follows:

The truth of your *own* obſervations, ſir, has occaſioned my preſumption.—A *guinea* has given to the world, in the hiſtory of his life, four volumes of amuſement; and a *halfpenny* has related his adventures in a ſtrain of ſentiment and pleaſantry: why then ſhould not the pen (whoſe words are generally marked in more laſting characters) communicate to the public the great events of an active and induſtrious exiſtence? Yet ſhould *theſe* examples have no weight, I hope you will pardon the liberty, in conſideration of my having *long* ſerved you with irremittable fidelity.

My pedigree baffles the curioſity of hiſtorians, and is, indeed, unknown to the whole race of *lineage-mongers*; one of my great anceſtors being the firſt feather in the wing of that very gooſe which preſerved the capital of Rome; a ſecond dependant was the companion of *Virgil* in his ſtudious hours, aſſiſting him in the compoſition of thoſe elegant poetic leſſons of piety and patriotiſm; and a third, ſome centuries nearer the preſent times, grew upon a gander in the river Avon, and afterwards became at once the friend of *Shakſpeare* and mankind, as he had a principal concern in the tranſcription of many of the *ſublimeſt* pictures of human nature.—Such, ſir, were my forefathers; and let your readers learn from hence, that the *feather of a gooſe* may be as well born as themſelves, and have equal claim to the dignity of birth. With regard to my *preſent* family, ſome of its branches are ſtill noble, and in the confidence of princes and ſtateſmen, and ſome (I muſt confeſs like a faithful hiſtorian) are in *leſs* elevated ſituations, one of my uncles being a ſort of a hackney ſcrivener, and a diſtant relation bound apprentice to a political writer in the newſpaper; (we are all liable to misfortune, you know, ſir.) At the ſame time I muſt obſerve to you (but let it be in a whiſper, as it is a dangerous piece of intelligence,) that my elder brother drew up the preliminary articles of the peace, and is now (though he is very infirm) retired into the country with a *noble Lord* his particular friend; and my ſecond brother, without all doubt, wrote a certain number of a certain periodical paper, which has furniſhed ſo many of the learned in the law with profitable employment. But mum, ſir, I hate vanity, and flatter myſelf that, independent of ſuch aſſiſtance, I ſhall convince you, that I may modeſtly hope to acquire ſome praiſe for my own private merit.

I cannot, however, reſiſt the deſire I have to deſcribe my mother, who was

taken

taken notice of by all the ſwans of the Thames: ſhe was remarkable for a fine turn in the arching of her neck: a tranſparent whiteneſs, of ſo ſilvery a caſt, that her feathers, varying in the ſun, had the appearance of cryſtal floating in a mirror; ſhe had neither awkwardneſs in her deportment, waddle in her walk, nor clumſineſs in her ſwimming, but (as if nature had intended her as the modern paragon of her ſpecies) every principal quill ſhe produced, (and they were numerous,) ſome of which are ſtill in employ, has figured eminently in the literary world. One of peculiar *ſtrength* and *force* was given to the *author of the Adventurer*; and one of the *whiteſt gloſs*, and moſt emblematic of the *purity* of his genius, became the confidant of the *laureat* Whitehead; and as to *myſelf*, ſir, I am at preſent *your* property; but whether I am equal to my relations muſt be determined *hereafter*.

I ſhall not any longer trouble you, ſir, with my juvenile tranſactions, but ruſh '*into the miſt of things*,' and date my adventures from the *day* in which I *firſt* became of ſervice to mankind.—Although I have obſerved, that my brotherhood are in the moſt honourable employments, and that my mother was at once the object of love and admiration, yet ſhe partook of the fate of mortality, and (in an advanced age) fell a victim to a power, who with equal partiality ſtrikes the monarch and the gooſe. The very remains of thoſe who *have* been our favourites are dear to us; and though my parent died, I have already told you her feathers were treaſured up, and diſtributed among the literati of the age. But it was my fate to remain diſregarded upon the ſtump of that wing which, after it was ſtripped of its nobleſt plumage, became the privilege of the cook. Yet be not therefore leſs fond of me, ſir; many an acquaintance of *yours*, no doubt, has riſen from the kitchen to the drawing room; and it is one of your *own* maxims, that nothing but intrinſic greatneſs can confer ſuperiority.

While I was under this cloud, I own I underwent the ſevereſt drudgery and indignity: I was thrown in the common room (promiſcuouſly) among bruſhes, and other articles of culinary ſlavery, *now* the ſport of the ſcullion, and now of the footboy, till one day a ſervant who was romping with the chambermaid threw me (in a dirty condition) in the face of the fair one, who, in revenge, toſſed me abruptly on the back of the fire, where I lay for ſome time enveloped in ſmoke and parching with heat. I was, however, at length reſcued from this imminent danger by the coachman, (for I was in a family of quality ſtill,) who had juſt received a letter, and at that moment wanted to return to it an anſwer; he ſnatched me on the inſtant my feathers began to ſinge with the flame, and I now became a quill. The remainder of the wing he laid carefully down, and withdrew with me to another apartment, above the ſtable, where I ſuffered a copious immerſion in pump water, and was ſoon brought to my uſual tranſparency. The next operation of my deliverer was the reduction of my ſize, and the alteration of my ſhape; in ſhort, honeſt John mutilated me into a pen; and though I might not have, at that early period, the moſt elegant *form*, or be poſſeſſed of the power of making the moſt *maſterly ſtrokes*, yet I was plain, open, and *ſincere*; I could anſwer the uſeful purpoſes of *ſettling the accounts of corn* and turnpikes, and well enough mark the days of *ſpending* and *receiving*.

My firſt employ, after this migration, was to write the ſimple dictates of my protector's heart to a young woman whom he loved; and I cannot but obſerve, to the honour of John, that though I have ſince penned many a more florid epiſtle, I never, in the whole courſe of my adventures, marked a performance with greater ſincerity and honour. I began to preſage happineſs from this favourable ſetting out, and congratulated myſelf on the agreeable proſpect of enjoying the confidence of the tender and *ſincere*; of imparting the ſecrets of communal hearts, and ſoothing the impatient lover by gentle intelligence. But alas! ſir, what but the

the appendage of a goose would trust to the promises of appearance!

I did not long receive the gratifications I had fondly painted to myself; my airy temples of love were demolished, and from being a friend to the tenderest and best affections, I soon became accessary to fraud and impiety. The coachman had no sooner superscribed his letter to his beloved, than I was placed in a stout machine of horn, whence I was unluckily removed by a wretch who sought the stable as a fit situation for his infamous business: for the *butler* of the family happening to see me, employed me to write in a blank leaf as follows:—

'Mem. Six dozen burgundy, with black sealed corks, for the use of my private friends, (if missed,) to be charged to *election riots*.

'A dozen coniac: do. charge. N. B. coniac, in *Jenny's cellar*.

'Mem. Silver salvors, cups, and urns, which I presented (with an alteration of the coats of arms,) to Jenny, must be charged to the account of *black Jack*, who is to be turned off for divers supposed misdemeanors.

'N. B. My master is out of claret—Private mem. *Two dozen* only remaining, to be sent to Jenny Catchim's.'

Methought, sir, I felt my feathers stand ruffled and erect upon my back, at the villainy of this unfaithful steward, and I heartily wished for the unafflicted power either to detect him, or to escape the infamy to which I was involuntary condemned.

Having taken these minutes, he replaced me in the horn, where I had scarce time to reflect on the knavery to which I had been a witness, when a villain of another sort had occasion to use me, in the way of assisting *his* endeavours.

It happened that the next heir of the family, whose *principles* were known, and whose letters were often intercepted, by his father, came one day, with all the tokens of hope and fear, into my recess, to pen a few lines (in defiance of the persecutions and vigilance of his parents,) to a *simple creature*, whom he was labouring to betray. It was now the crisis of her reputation or disgrace, for the unhappy girl (it seems) had already yielded up her heart, and her virtue began to give way. I was compelled to make an appointment, in terms that were scarce to be resisted by her whose principles are undetermined; the hour of assignation was midnight, and it was at once the hour of rapture and ruin; for the *next* morning the rays of truth flashed too severe a lightning upon the bosom of the lady, and in the anguish of guilt she added suicide to prostitution, and her name is remembered by an *aged mother* with *distraction*. Here a second time I began to kindle with indignation at the *monster*, and even at *myself*, to reflect, that I was instrumental to the seduction of innocence, and the defloration of *maiden honour*; and surely, sir, an honest abhorrence of the deed so wholly possessed me, that I *twirled* myself round in his odious hand, and *endeavoured* to blot out those sentiments, that ought (for the sake of virtue, manhood, and society,) to be obliterated for ever.—But this virtuous effort availed nothing, and its consequence nearly threatened my *destruction*; for my attempts had no other effect than to make me transact again the detestable business; and my refusal to mark the delusive expressions on paper (for indeed the ink had froze with horror to the nib) induced the barbarian to deepen the slit of my tongue; after which (not answering his purposes) he dashed me with a malicious *force* against a corn-bin on which he had been writing, and damning me for a good-for-nothing scoundrel, left me gaping, in the *agonies of ruin*, on the ground. DIONYSIUS.

(To be continued.)

Recipe for the Whooping-Cough.

'Facts are stubborn things.'

To the Editor.

SIR,

IF you think the following cure for the whooping-cough worth inserting in your magazine, I hope some of your readers will derive benefit from it. I

call

call it a *cure*, from having by applying it, not only to a child of my own, but to several others, effectually removed that dreadful malady. I have narrowly watched its progress; and I am conscious that, by a little experience, the whooping will be entirely removed.—Take an equal quantity of (old) rum, and spirits of turpentine, mix them well together; rub the spine only, from top to bottom, for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, night and morning, before the fire: if required, an emetic may be given, by which the phlegm will be considerably loosened; consequently the whooping will, in a few days, be entirely eradicated. If this should meet the eye of any one who may chuse to adopt it, and but one person be relieved by it, I shall consider my end answered in communicating to the public what I have found, by experience, to be a most valuable and safe remedy for a most dreadful, and oftentimes fatal malady. I am, sir,

Most respectfully, &c.

I. T. S.

On the Words Huzzah, or Hurrah.

Mr. Editor,

AMONG the readers of your entertaining and instructive miscellany, there are many, no doubt, acquainted with various languages; and, if we do not often find an individual like the abbé of Brussells, who had studied two hundred languages, and could trace to its source almost every word that was proposed to him, yet it may not be too much to expect that the meaning of words very common in our own language, will not be difficult of explanation. Foreigners are so used to an exclamation too frequent in the mouths of Irish and Englishmen, that it is not uncommon to call them, when mixed with an army of other countries, by the name of *Gal-damar*. The meaning of this expression is obvious: it is silly and ridiculous, or profane and odious. But there is another expression, though not quite so current, yet, when parties are met together on any joyful occasion, which repeatedly strikes the ear. This is the word *huzzah*. We drink a toast with three *huzzahs!* three times three *huzzahs:* and we even, on a very particular occasion, triple the last number. Now, sir, what is the meaning of this word *huzzah?* from what language is it derived? how came it to be used in this particular manner? The subject is not of very great importance; yet it may amuse the lovers of etymology, and throw some light on the history of our ancestors.

I was struck with the extent of country over which this sound prevails, on reading the account of a great feast given by Suwarrow on the plains of Tartary, in the name of his mistress, to a mixture of Tartarians and Russians, assembled on the union of a vast tract of Tartary to the Russian empire. A great part of the Tartarians were Mahometans, and not less than thirty thousand persons were supposed to partake of the feast, in which the porter of England made a very respectable figure. On the health of the empress being given, the air resounded with the shouts of the guests—*huzzahs* and *ollahs* were repeated from every quarter. The *ollahs* denoted the joy of the Mahometans; the *huzzahs* the satisfaction of the Russians and Tartarians; who retained the original sound of joy used by their ancestors long before the name of Mahomet was known.

Huzzah one would therefore think could be only a sound of joy; yet a circumstance in the campaign of the French, ending with a total defeat of the Austrians and Russians at Austerlitz, has cast a degree of doubt upon this conjecture. According to the French account, a part of their army, only about 5000 strong, was surrounded by 20 battalions of Russians at Stein. Death or glory was inevitable. Sword in hand they forced their way through the enemy, destroying 4000 of them, and thus proving the superiority of the French over the Russian infantry.—About noon the French had driven a battalion of Russians into the Danube, who, up to their knees in water, called out for quarters: the slaughter ceased, and they were considered as

prisoners.

prisoners. Scarcely was this done, and the French were resting on their arms for a moment, when on a sudden the Russians took to their arms, and with horrible cries of *huzzah! huzzah!* (that is kill! kill! kill!) fell upon the French, and made way through them at several points, but being received by a body of reserve, skilfully placed there by the general, were all cut to pieces.

If the French writer has not made a mistake, the word *huzzah* means to kill, and it might well seem an horrible cry in the ears of his countrymen. But I am rather inclined to apprehend that he has mistaken the effect of the cry for the meaning of it; and that the word was only an encouragement of the Russians to each other, and was used by them as by us, whether we are launching a vessel into the water in time of peace, chairing a favourite candidate at an election, or rushing on the enemy in the day of battle. The etymology of this word will satisfy my question; and if it has occurred to any of your readers, it will, I doubt not, be received with pleasure by many besides myself, and be thought worthy of a place in your magazine.

That my letter may contain something besides etymology, I beg leave to call the attention of the military to the Frenchman's remark on the above mentioned engagement. Their loss, he says, was only 2000 men, and the whole must have been lost if it had not been for their superior skill in the art of positions, and particularly for their principle of sustaining the fiercest attacks by bodies of reserve, without which a good retreat cannot possibly be made. If you are victorious in a charge, all may be lost in a minute; since the charge must occasion disorder in both parties, the conquering as well as the conquered; from which that party which has a fresh body to come up will gain the advantage.

I remain, sir,

Your constant reader,

ETYMOLOGICON PAIRUM.

Circumstantial Evidence.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is said that many persons still assert that *Patch* was innocent of the murder of *mr. Blight*. I am not of this opinion; but the following is a remarkable instance of the fallaciousness of circumstantial evidence, though of the strongest nature, and may serve to caution juries against depriving a fellow-creature of his life, upon such testimony, where there is 'a single loop to hang a doubt upon.'

Yours, &c. X.

Extraordinary Case of Jonathan Bradford, who was executed at Oxford, for the Murder of Christopher Hayes, Esq. in the Year 1736.

JONATHAN BRADFORD kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford; he bore an unexceptionable character. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's. He there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a large sum of money. In due time they returned to their respective chambers; the gentlemen of the two-bedded room, leaving, as it is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber; and this being repeated, he softly awaked his friend.—They listened together, and the groans increasing as of one dying, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans, and the door being ajar, saw a light in the room; they entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation, on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him, with a dark lanthorn in one hand and a knife in the other. The

man

man ſeemed as petrified as themſelves, but his terror carried with it all the terror of guilt! The gentlemen ſoon diſcovered the perſon was the ſtranger with whom they had that night ſupped, and that the man who was ſtanding over him was their hoſt. They ſeized Bradford directly, diſarmed him of his knife and charged him with being the murderer; he aſſumed by this time the air of innocence, poſitively denied the crime, and aſſerted that he came there with the ſame humane intentions as themſelves; for that, hearing a noiſe which was ſucceeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, ſtruck a light, armed himſelf with a knife for his defence, and was but that minute entered the room before them.

Theſe aſſertions were of little avail, he was kept in cloſe cuſtody until the morning, and then taken before a neighbouring juſtice of the peace.—Bradford ſtill denied the murder, but nevertheleſs, with ſuch an apparent indication of guilt, that the juſtice heſitated not to make uſe of this extraordinary expreſſion, on writing out his mittimus; 'mr. Bradford, either you, or myſelf committed this murder.'

This extraordinary affair was the converſation of the whole county.—Bradford was tried and condemned over and over again, in every company. In the midſt of all this predetermination came on the aſſizes at Oxford: Bradford was brought to trial, he pleaded not guilty. Nothing could be more ſtrong than the evidence of the two gentlemen: they teſtified to the finding mr. Hayes murdered in his bed; Bradford at the ſide of the body and a light and a knife; that knife and the hand which held it bloody; that on their entering the room he betrayed all the ſigns of a guilty man; and, that a few moments preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceaſed.

Bradford's defence on his trial was the ſame as before the gentlemen: he had heard a noiſe; he ſuſpected ſome villainy tranſacting; he ſtruck a light; he ſnatched a knife (the only weapon near him) to defend himſelf; and the terrors he diſcovered were merely the terrors of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as well as guilt, on beholding ſuch a horrid ſcene!

This defence, however, could be conſidered but as weak, contraſted with the ſeveral powerful circumſtances againſt him. Never was circumſtantial evidence more ſtrong! There was little need left of comment from the judge in ſumming up the evidence! No room appeared for extenuation! And the jury brought in the priſoner guilty, even without going out of the box.

Bradford was executed ſhortly after, ſtill declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of mr. Hayes, but he died diſbelieved by all.

Yet were thoſe aſſertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed by mr. Hayes's footman; who, immediately on ſtabbing his maſter, rifled his breeches of his money, gold watch, and ſnuff-box, and eſcaped to his own room, which could have been, from the after circumſtances, ſcarcely two ſeconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber.—The world owes this knowledge to a remorſe of conſcience in the footman (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford) on a bed of ſickneſs: it was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law loſt its victim!

It is much to be wiſhed that this account could cloſe here; but it cannot! Bradford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was, nevertheleſs, the murderer in deſign. He had heard, as well as the footman, what mr. Hayes had declared at ſupper, as to his having a large ſum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the ſame diabolical intentions as the ſervant. He was ſtruck with amazement!—He could not believe his ſenſes!—and in turning back the bed-cloths, to aſſure himſelf of the fact, he, in his agitation, dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hand and the knife became bloody. Theſe circumſtances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after his ſentence.

Roman

Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady.
(Continued from Page 411.)

CHAP. XXIV.

IN all that agitation of mind and frame which hopes and fears like hers inſpired, Victoria walked along unconſcious whither ſhe was going, until ſhe found herſelf at the foot of the great ſtaircaſe. Alarmed, ſhe inſtantly ſtopped, and haſtily demanded where Juan was leading her?

'To your chamber, donna.'

'This is not the way to my chamber,' ſaid ſhe in faltering accents expreſſive of her anticipating fears.

'Not to the one you lately ſlept in,' he replied; 'but thither you go no more.'

Half ſhrieking ſhe wildly exclaimed, 'I muſt, I will return there!' Then clinging to the baluſtrade to prevent his forcing her up the ſtaircaſe, ſhe earneſtly and pathetically ſupplicated to be allowed to paſs that one night in the laſt chamber ſhe had occupied; but Juan was inflexible.

It was his duty, he ſaid, to obey don Manuel, who had ordered him to conduct her to the chamber ſhe firſt had in the caſtle, and there he would take her dead or alive.

Victoria now, in wild affright, fled from him; and, winged with deſpair, haſtened back to the parlour to implore don Manuel to grant her petition; but he was gone, and no one appeared there but Garcias. Struck with diſmay, and with all the agony her mind endured, depicted upon every line of her countenance, ſhe eagerly demanded where don Manuel was?

'Why, what can you want with him?' anſwered Garcias ſullenly.

'I want him to pity me; to have the humanity to allow of my returning to the chamber I laſt night occupied, and to ſpare me the horrors of that dreadful chamber I firſt inhabited.'

'What!' ſaid the ſavage, with a ſarcaſtic grin, 'What! do you pretend to dread a return to that room?—*you*, who could magnanimouſly ſit in the duſk of evening, and alone too, in the library, where *I* dare not remain. Oh! abominable affectation!'

'I have no cauſe,' replied Victoria, burſting into a convulſive paſſion of tears, 'I have no cauſe to fear any ſupernatural power; but from that room, which I tremble at paſſing my night in, you are no ſtranger, ſeignor, to the myſterious manner in which my reſpected attendant was conveyed away. Oh, where is don Manuel? in pity let me, oh! let me ſee him. He is not cruel—he will compaſſionate my miſery; he will, I know, accede to my petition.'

'Will he?—then I'll take care you ſhall not ſee him. I am cruel, or at leaſt reſolved; and to that very dreaded chamber you this inſtant go.' Victoria, ſhrieking, ſtrove to elude the ruffian's graſp, but in vain. She ſunk upon her knees, and in the moſt pathetic terms ſupplicated for mercy; but the heart of Garcias was invulnerable to the attacks of pity.

'No, no,' ſaid he unfeelingly; 'theſe counterfeited fears can avail you nothing, my lovely novice. If your old attendant was myſteriouſly conveyed away from one chamber, you forget that your young attendant was equally ſo from the other: ſo no more of this flimſy nonſenſe. Beſides, you who are ſo very ſanctified, ſuch an exemplary devotee, have no cauſe for fear, ſince your piety is an impregnable ſhield; and the roſy little cherubim and ſeraphim will certainly, if not quite negligent of their duty, in caſe of an emergency, fly away with you from the clutches of the profane.' Then, regardleſs of her tears, her groans, her ſtruggles, her ſupplications, her deſpair almoſt ariſing to phrenſy, he bore her to the chamber ſhe ſo much dreaded; and there leaving with her a lamp, her diſmaying fears and agoniſing diſappointment for her companions, faſtened the door after him and departed.

Victoria's feelings were now tortured up to ſuch a pitch of anguiſh, that her faculties were benumbed by ſuffering; and ſhe happily for ſome time became almoſt inſenſible of her miſery.

With eyes fixed, and folded arms, she sat motionless, while deep groans alone indicated her having still some recollection of her wretchedness.

At length the castle clock struck one—to our heroine a dreadful sound. It tolled the knell of her departed hope, and roused at once her almost torpid faculties to acutest feelings.—Tears of the bittereſt woe burst in torrents from her eyes; and the certainty of her forlorn situation struck her heart with the direst pangs of despair. At length a new agony of horror suddenly assailed her in the terrible apprehension of her intended escape having been discovered, and that her amiable generous friend would become a victim to his humanity. This was the hour appointed for her flight; and this was probably the moment in which the most benevolent of human beings might fall an unsuspecting prey to the diabolical assassins of the castle.

Images of murder, torture, and death, in every dreadful shape, now presented themselves in horrid array to her dismayed imagination, and floated in ghastly forms before her. In this moment a hollow sound of approaching footsteps struck her ears; eagerly she glanced her eyes around the room, in a hopeless search for succour, when a lengthened though half-stifled groan issued from one of the beds. Her eyes rested on the spot from whence it seemed to proceed, and for the first time she perceived the small bed Hero had reposed in was occupied. With difficulty could she repress a shriek; breathless with dreadful expectation, she looked upon the object of her consternation; and conceiving by the head-dress that it was a female who rested there, she hastily advanced to the bed, with a half-formed hope of finding Teresa, when a spectacle so unlooked for, so afflicting, so appalling, struck her dismayed senses, that, uttering a piercing cry of horror, her trembling knees sunk with her to the ground: and scarcely possessing power to retain her panic-struck faculties, she fixed her eyes in a gaze of dreadful amazement upon the bed, while she strove to breathe forth with energy a prayer for the repose of signora Octavia's soul, whose body lay on that bed disfigured with gore and ghastly wounds, clothed in a shroud and winding-sheet, all stained with the blood the murderer's hand had shed.

It was in this awful moment of terror and dismay that the chamber door was softly opened, and conte Vicenza, armed with a sword, entered alone.—With an air of compassionating tenderness he approached our woe-struck heroine, whom with the gentle words of kindness and encouragement he raised from the ground. The powers of her mind harrowed by despair, horror and apprehension, Victoria seemed to have lost all recollection of the causes she had to fear and despise the conte; her now imperfect memory represented him to her as the husband of her aunt, the kind and indulgent protector of her innocence and youth, whom Providence had conducted to her aid in the moment of hopelessness. She attempted not to disengage herself from his support; her head rested contentedly upon his shoulder, and after some feeble efforts to speak she softly articulated, 'Oh my uncle, save me, rescue me, conduct me to my aunt!'

'I will, my beloved, my injured child!' he tenderly replied: 'I came hither for that purpose; be therefore composed, be pacified, be no longer alarmed, my love, for I will protect you from every danger.' He led her to a seat and then continued:

'By means of that disaffected follower of the miscreant Manuel, who guided my wandering way to find you in this infernal castle, I have just learned that the most diabolical plot the fiends of cruelty ever suggested is preparing to be executed against you this very night. Assisted by the contrivance of this man, and at the peril of my life, I hither came to save you.—This man, Urbino, with a chosen band, are now in waiting to convey us to a secure retreat; from whence, as speedily as our safety will admit of, we shall proceed to my château, where your beloved Farinelli shall be in readiness to

to receive you; and I will conduct you from this soul-harrowing place the moment your spirits are sufficiently composed to enable you to encounter those difficulties which must necessarily attend our escape.'

'I am composed, I am ready, I am equal to encountering every difficulty that can present itself,' exclaimed Victoria, wildly starting from her chair and giving her trembling hand to Polydore, who taking the lamp from the table supported his lovely niece to the chamber-door; but there he suddenly stopped.

'On one condition alone, Victoria, will I save you from the calamitous fate that awaits you even in the next moment,' said he solemnly.

Victoria shuddered. 'Name it, my lord,' she faintly articulated. Conte Vicenza led her back to the table, where depositing the light, he drew the contract from his bosom, and took a pen from an inkstand which lay upon the table.

'Affix your name,' said he, 'to this solemn promise of becoming my wife the moment I obtain permission from the see of Rome for our union.'

These words, with a sight of the contract, like an electric shock, roused at once to fullest vigour Victoria's before enfeebled mental powers.

'Never! my lord,' she exclaimed firmly: 'no, never will I sign it, or become your wife!'

'Then will I leave you, deluded wretched girl! to the horrors of your approaching fate.'

'That fate cannot entail guilt upon me; therefore I prefer it, and beg that I may be left to prepare my mind for meeting it.' She waved her hand for his departure, and then intrepidly walked to the bed where Octavia's body lay, on which she gazed in silent anguish; and then, sinking upon her knees, devoutly prayed to Heaven for its support through her approaching trial.

The conte beheld her with surprise and mortification; but at length advancing to her, said, 'Silly, infatuated Victoria! you know not the tortures which await you.'

'The tortures of conscience shall not be amongst them,' she firmly replied. 'Leave me, my lord, I entreat you. You inform me, my time is short: and do not you rob me of those moments for which I have such necessary, such awful employment.'

'Well then, be it so,' said the conte furiously, 'but the moment is at hand when you will rue this rashness, when you will too late repent your injustice to me.' He then rushed out of the chamber, and Victoria heard him draw the bolts which fastened her in with the murdered body of her friend, without once wishing to recall him; and yet it was to her an awful scene. The first time in her life that she had knelt by the bed of death, enclosed with the mangled corse of her murdered friend, who was so mysteriously withdrawn from, so horribly returned to that chamber, and expecting every moment to meet with a fate similar to that Octavia had experienced, her senses sickened, but her soul remained undauntedly firm to its purpose, until another doleful groan assailed her ears.

'Gracious Providence!' Victoria exclaimed, starting from her knees, 'can it be possible that she yet lives?' and with all the sanguine energy of hope she grasped one of Octavia's pallid hands, to try her pulse; but instantly she let it drop with horror. Its clay cold, clammy, stiffening touch extinguished every ray of hope at once: and now, appalled with direful superstition, she almost formed a wish that she had been less precipitate with conte Vicenza; but in one instant that wish was recoiled from with horror.

Bernini was no more; yet twice she heard distinctly a groan of anguish burst from the bed on which her body lay. What could they portend? She listened in breathless expectation to hear them repeated; but all continued silent as the grave, until she heard the bolts of her chamber-door suddenly draw back, when conte Vicenza rushed in almost breathless with agitation.

'The

'The blood-hounds are approaching,' exclaimed he, advancing to the ſpot where Victoria trembling ſtood: 'in a moment more they will be here; and ill as you have uſed me, I riſk my life to ſave you; for by Heaven you ſhall not become a prey to your own deluding obſtinacy! I will, inſulting, ſuſpicious, inexorable girl, in deſpite of your curſed, curſed prejudices, ſave you from deſtruction! This inſtant ſhall you ſign the contract and accompany me, or I will myſelf become your aſſaſſin, and ſpare you the horrible fate preparing for you.' Then ſeizing her in his arms, he dragged the ſtruggling ſhrieking Victoria to the table, to compel her to ſign the contract, which ſhe reſolutely exclaimed againſt doing; when by the interpoſition of pitying Heaven, ſhe was reſcued from his graſp by ſtrength more powerful than his own.

Victoria, turning to ſee by whoſe intervention ſhe was withdrawn from conte Vicenza's power, beheld Hippolyto. Now ſhrieking with joy ſhe ſunk upon her knees and breathed a fervent thankſgiving to Heaven, while the conte, with phrenzy ſtrongly marked upon his countenance, ruſhed frantically with his unſheathed ſword upon Hippolyto, exclaiming—

'Villain! miſcreant! take my vengeance!'

Hippolyto was alſo armed, and parried off the furious attacks of Polydore. 'I owe conte Vicenza much,' he replied; 'but this is not a moment for retribution. In lady Victoria's preſence I only act upon the defenſive, unleſs compelled to other conduct for her preſervation.'

Victoria now ſtarting from her knees, flew to the door to call for ſuccour; but there recollection coming to her aid, ſhe was ſtruck with the conviction that to ſummon aſſiſtance would be for the conte's ſafety and Hippolyto's deſtruction; ſhe therefore flew back, intending to place herſelf between their ſwords, when Hippolyto diſarmed the conte, who, in the blindneſs of his fury ſtriving to regain his own weapon, ruſhed impatiently upon the point of Hippolyto's, and received from it a deep wound in his breaſt; when, execrating fate and his adverſary, he fell, and, in his fall overturning the table, extinguiſhed the lamp.

Hippolyto, now mindful only of Victoria's ſafety, took her in his arms, and carefully ſteering clear from every annoyance, ſwiftly conveyed her behind the ſtate bed, where upon preſſing his foot againſt a pannel it inſtantly receded, when leaping through the chaſm with his lovely burden, he alighted upon the ſummit of a narrow deplorable flight of brick ſteps. Cautiouſly he faſtened the pannel with ſeveral ruſty bolts, and then, guided by the glimmering of a light proceeding from below, he quickly deſcended with his lovely charge, who, overpowered by joy, ſurpriſe, and apprehenſion, found herſelf incapable of uttering one ſentence of that gratitude to her gallant deliverer which her heart was full of.

The beaming light now brightening at each ſtep they took over mouldering bricks and heaps of rubbiſh, Victoria at length beheld a man ſtanding at the foot of this long flight of ſteps holding the torch by which they benefited, who, on firſt catching a glimpſe of them as they deſcended, rapidly advanced to meet them, and diſcovered to our aſtoniſhed heroine the human Pedro.

Finding another of her friends eſcaped from what ſhe had believed to be a general maſſacre, could not but inſpire the grateful heart of Victoria with the pureſt joy, and tears of genuine pleaſure burſt from her eyes, reſtoring at once her powers of articulation; and ſhe would have breathed forth ſome of thoſe acknowledgements her heart was full of, but Hippolyto gently impoſed ſilence as neceſſary to their ſafety.

Preceded now by Pedro with the torch, they begun a dangerous deſcent of a long cylindrical flaircaſe, even more out of repair than the flight of brick ſteps; and it required the moſt wary circumſpection to reach the bottom in ſafety, which they at length effected, and entered a narrow

ing damp paſſage of conſiderable length; and as they reached its termination, Pedro deſired Victoria not to be alarmed at the ſight of her friends, they ſuddenly entered a frightful cavern, where ſeveral men were waiting, all armed with carabines, and from whom Hippolyto demanded if all was ready.

Thomas now ſtepped forward, with heart-felt glee depicted upon his honeſt weather-beaten countenance, and with genuine ſimplicity ſpoke the joy he felt at ſeeing Victoria in ſafety, while the other men anſwered Hippolyto's queſtion in the affirmative; they therefore now haſtened to extinguiſh all the lights, except what two dark lanterns contained, the feeble rays of which were alone to guide them through the intricate paſſes of the rocks to the ſea-coaſt. The men now taking up their arms, they all iſſued from the cavern, ſome preceding, others following Hippolyto, who led, or rather bore our trembling heroine along a ſhelving and dangerous path through ſome of the moſt rugged parts of the rocks.

The night was impenetrably dark; but there came a refreſhing breeze from the ſea, that with the gentle aſſiduities of Hippolyto, helped to ſuſtain the almoſt expiring ſpirits of Victoria, who feared no danger from the path, ſo overpowered was ſhe by the apprehenſion of a purſuit; and every new projection of rock ſhe could indiſtinctly ſee ſhe conjured up into the form of Garcias; and her heart almoſt bounded from its ſeat with diſmay, when, by a ſudden turning in the path, ſhe found herſelf cloſe to the beating ſurges of the ſea, on which was toſſed a boat that two men were in, lying to upon their oars, whom ſhe inſtantly conceived to be Garcias and Juan, and ſhe doubted not the ſea-coaſt was encompaſſed by their creatures: but ſoon were her wild chimæras put to flight, by Thomas calling in friendly terms to the men to row in to ſhore, which they inſtantly did, and Victoria was ſeated in the boat between Hippolyto and Pedro. The reſt of the men followed; and, arranging themſelves in proper order, they ſwiftly rowed off to a brigantine which lay at a ſmall diſtance from ſhore, the ſide of which was inſtantly manned from the brigantine's boat, and Victoria carefully conducted to a chair upon the deck; where, looking around her, and perceiving the rapidity and dexterity with which the mariners were preparing to put to ſea, ſhe for the firſt time believed her eſcape certain; and, ſubdued by joy and gratitude to Heaven and her deliverers, ſhe burſt into a flood of tears, which relieved her full heart, and which Hippolyto and Pedro attempted not to reſtrain.

CHAP. XXV.

Every thing having been prepared for a precipitate departure, and as all was now conducted with cleverneſs and activity, the brigantine ſoon was under weigh. The waning moon now ariſing, glimmered its pale light juſt ſufficiently to ſhow the receding rocks which enveloped the caſtle to Victoria, who, wrapped in a watch-coat, ſat upon the deck with Pedro and Hippolyto, who both endeavoured, by the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of their faith and honour, to diſpel thoſe apprehenſions and agitations ſhe was evidently ſtruggling with.

Of their truth and honour ſhe had no cauſe to doubt; but without the ſociety of any other female to inſpire her with confidence, ſhe had embarked upon an element hitherto unknown to her, under the protection of men who were almoſt ſtrangers, who for humanity's ſake alone had undertaken the dangerous enterpriſe of reſcuing her from deſtruction, who might be very poſſibly betrayed by their companions, or purſued from the caſtle: but even if ſucceſsful, where would they have it in their power to place her ſecure from the machinations of conte Vicenza? At length Hippolyto terminated this laſt uncertainty by deſiring to know what port of France ſhe wiſhed them to make for, as being neareſt to thoſe friends ſhe meant to put herſelf under the protection of.

'Alas!' ſhe replied, 'I have now no friends in France to whoſe protection

on I can safely fly; and my brother is unfortunately with his regiment in Cadiz.'

Hippolyto instantly asked the pilot if it was possible to steer for Cadiz?

The wind was against them, and in so long a passage the pilot feared they might encounter some of don Manuel's cruisers.

Victoria sighed, but acquiesced in the propriety of adhering to the original design of making for some port of France; where on landing she resolved instantly to place herself in a convent, to inform her brother of her forlorn situation, and inquire from seignora Farinelli's friends in Tuscany where to find her.

It was now fully determined that they should steer for Toulon, to elude pursuers who would naturally seek them in nearer ports: and this point being finally settled, they made with tolerable rapidity for several leagues, during which time Victoria had been removed by the vigilant care of Hippolyto to the little cabin, which afforded but few comforts save shelter from the cold breath of night, and where our heroine, to divert her anxious thoughts, requested to know from Pedro and Hippolyto how they had been spared from what she had conceived to be a general massacre? by what means they had escaped from their dungeons, and been guided to her rescue in the moment when hope itself was just forsaking her?

'What you, donna, believe a massacre,' said Pedro, 'was in fact a circumstance still more cruel. It was the daily sport of Garcias torturing the wretched victims who have fallen under his displeasure. As to ourselves, donna, Francisco opened our dungeons, planned the means of your escape, and directed us where to find you.'

'May every power that loves the compassionate and brave,' exclaimed Victoria, 'recompense him, and you, my other generous protectors! you, who after suffering imprisonment, indignity, and cruel severities upon my account, have thus hazarded even life itself to rescue me from destruction. To Francisco, and every one engaged in this benevolent enterprise, heavy is indeed my debt of gratitude; but to you, seignor Hippolyto, who have twice ventured—'

'Cease, lady Victoria, I conjure you cease the effusions of your grateful heart, which lead you on to magnify the little service I have been to you,' said Hippolyto, eagerly interrupting her. 'The time may come when lady Victoria will find she owes me less than she imagines; when it will be discovered to her how interested have been the motives of my conduct: and until that period arrives, the highest recompense I desire is to see her mind at ease, and to behold her in a place of safety.'

Victoria could make no reply.—There was a solemn dignified respect in his manner, that awed into silence every suggestion of his being presumptuous; but, for the second time, he perplexed, distressed, and startled her. Covered with blushes, she bent her eyes to the ground; and after a thoughtful and timid pause she ventured to relieve her embarrassment by enquiring if they could give her any information relative to Sebastian, Diego, and Teresa?

Of Diego they knew nothing; Pedro had been arrested in his (Diego's) chamber the night of don Manuel's last return to the castle, and had never heard of Diego since; but Hippolyto informed her that Teresa was safe under Francisco's protection, and Sebastian well, and preparing to set out to Rome upon business of importance.

Victoria was charmed, was delighted, to hear of Sebastian's emancipation from captivity, which this intended expedition seemed unequivocally to imply. Teresa's safety gave her infinite pleasure; but, deeply sighing, she wished, she said, that she knew something of Diego's fate and of——Suddenly she ceased, whilst conscious blushes overspread her cheeks.

Hippolyto attentive only to her, caught alarm from her too apparent confusion, and eagerly asked 'Who else was so happy, so honoured by lady Victoria's flattering anxiety for their safety?'

Victoria was dreadfully embarrassed: her

her confuſion and perturbation increaſſed; tears ſtarted to her eyes, and ſeveral times ſhe eſſayed to articulate, but without ſucceſs; until, at length, her ardent wiſh to learn if poſſible whether her horrid apprehenſions were too fatally juſt, conquering every obſtacle, ſhe faintly ſaid—

'I know not if I do right in mentioning him, even to you: but it is a ſtranger, a gentleman whom I accidentally met during my captivity, who, taught by humanity to pity my ſufferings, promiſed to effect my eſcape.—Even on this very night his project may have been diſcovered. I have reaſon to think it has; and, oh horror moſt direful! his life expoſed to danger from the ſanguinary bravos of the caſtle.' At this ſhocking idea, Victoria's voice fell to the cadence of woe ſo piteous, ſhe trembled to ſuch exceſs, and ſeemed ſo ſubdued by anticipating terror and diſtreſs, that Hippolyto, trembling almoſt as much as ſhe did, attempted to preſent her with a glaſs of water; which he could ſcarcely hold, ſo great was his agitation, and which he was at laſt obliged to reſign to Pedro, who expreſſed much aſtoniſhment at this anecdote relative to a ſtranger whom he had never before heard of, and therefore could not lull Victoria's but too evident apprehenſions; while Hippolyto, after ſeveral ſtruggles to conceal his very viſible emotion, heſitatingly ſtammered out—

'Of that ſtranger, lady Victoria, I can—' ſuddenly he ceaſed, ſunk into a chair, and, leaning his elbow upon a table, covered his face with both hands as if to hide the expreſſion of his countenance from obſervation, ſighed heavily, and, after a few moments ſtarting from his ſeat, took ſeveral turns up and down the little cabin, as if irreſolute, or that his boſom laboured with ſome powerful ſecret.

Victoria's fears caught ſuch an increaſe of alarm from Hippolyto's conduct, that, her feelings breaking through all reſtraint, ſhe exclaimed, in a tone of piercing anguiſh—'for the love of the Holy Virgin, ſpeak, Hippolyto! nor thus torture me by fears too terrible to bear.' Then, inexpreſſibly ſhocked at her want of ſelf-command, and ſtill ſhrinking with her apprehenſions, ſhe burſt into tears, and, ſtriving to apologiſe for the exceſs of her anxiety, tremuloufly articulated—'You certainly, ſeignor Hippolyto, know ſomething dreadful relative to this ſtranger; and I ſhould be a wretch, unworthy the compaſſionating friends I have met with, could I bear with inſenſibility any well-grounded fear of calamity having befallen him who pitied me, and would have ſerved me.'

The conflict in Hippolyto's mind ſeemed by this time over; he approached Victoria in much diſtreſs at his conduct having augmented her alarms—'Be convinced, lady Victoria,' ſaid he, 'that he whom your gratitude and benevolence thus intereſts you for has not fallen into the power of don Manuel, or any of his people; nor could the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion have been entertained of your intended flight with him.—Your chamber was merely changed to further the vile ſchemes of conte Vicenza. That extraordinary and myſterious being, Franciſco, this morning appointed that ſtranger to be your conductor from don Manuel's caſtle; then, wiſhing ſtill to be more ambiguous, in the evening delegated that happineſs to me, but under the moſt ſolemn reſtrictions of what I may, and what I muſt not, communicate to you. But a period is fixed by him for the termination of this myſtery; and when the painful interdict is removed, lady Victoria, believe you will have much to hear; and in the intermediate time be ſatisfied that all thoſe you have known in don Manuel's caſtle, who are honoured by your good wiſhes, are protected by thoſe whom the iniquitous aſſociates muſt ſubmit to.'

Victoria's mind was tranquilliſed by this intelligence; and ſhe could not but feel convinced of its being a fortunate circumſtance for her peace that this too intereſting ſtranger had not been allowed to be the companion of her eſcape.—In this moment a ſudden ſquall of wind aroſe; at the ſame inſtant

ſtant a craſh was heard, and a ſhock received; and, as if in conſequence a loud uproar upon deck ſucceeded.

Hippolyto, deſiring Pedro to remain with Victoria, haſtened aloft to learn the cauſe of the commotion. He ſtaid away for ſome minutes, during which the guſts of wind were repeated; and when he returned he entreated our heroine to diſband her fears, ſince all danger was happily over.

'Upon account of the almoſt dead calm,' continued he, 'we had crowded too many ſails, and a ſudden ſquall ariſing carried off ſome of our rigging that was not in a very perfect condition. But our ingenious mariners have repaired the injury, and we are it ſeems, in a better ſtate than we were before this accident. However, lady Victoria, I muſt remind you of the caprice of thoſe elements to which fate has at preſent conſigned you; and ſhould this prove a ſqually or tempeſtuous night, as ſome of our ſeamen portend, I doubt not, from the fortitude you have upon many late, and, I truſt, more ſerious occaſions evinced, that you will not ſuffer much from alarm, particularly as the ſeamen on board are all experienced hands, who aſſure me that our veſſel is fully equal to weathering a much more formidable gale than that we are threatened with.'

Victoria promiſed to exert all her heroiſm if neceſſary, and ſoon this promiſe was exacted from her. The wind ſpeedily increaſed with augmenting violence, and it required all the efforts of every hand on board to ſave the veſſel, which was borne to the leeward, far from the port they wiſhed to make.

Victoria, as ſhe had promiſed, repreſſed every appearence of alarm; but during the whole night, through which the tempeſt continued, ſhe experienced the moſt kind and ſoothing attention from the humane Pedro, who chiefly remained with her, as the ſtrength, activity, and cleverneſs of Hippolyto, though unſkilled in maritime knowledge, made him of ſuch eſſential ſervice to the ſeamen, that they would ſcarcely allow him to abſent himſelf one moment from deck to go and ſee how his lovely charge bore the horrors of the ſtorm; and to whom, in the preſence of Pedro, his manners were marked by the tender ſolicitude a fond and anxious brother would evince in a ſimilar ſituation. But the moment he found himſelf alone with her, his deportment inſtantly changed to the attentive reſpectful diſtance of an inferior; a delicacy and propriety of conduct that was not loſt upon Victoria, who each moment found her gratitude to, and admiration of, Hippolyto faſt increaſing; and ſhe almoſt looked up to him with an awful reverence, as a being far ſuperior to the reſt of human kind.

At length the tempeſt ſubſided as ſuddenly as it had commenced, and Aurora, when uſhering in the morning, ſtruck the before jarring elements motionleſs with the beautiful ſerenitude of her aſpect, and preſented our adventurers with the flattering hope of ſoon reaching ſome friendly harbour. The port of Toulon was ſtill much nearer than Leghorn, though far they had been driven eaſtward: yet Hippolyto ſtrongly adviſed their ſteering for the latter; ſince now, having been ſo long at ſea, they might in making back for Toulon, fall in with thoſe who now had full time to be ſent, and who probably were in queſt of them.

This advice was too reaſonable for rejection; but the day ſeemed determinately inauſpicious to their making towards the haven of any of their wiſhes. The Mediterranean ſea appeared as one plate of looking-glaſs, and the whole face of nature was huſhed into an awful calm; and notwithſtanding the united efforts of the indefatigable mariners, who ardently longed to ride in a ſafe harbour, they gained little by their tacking, but remained for ſeveral hours almoſt ſtationary; during which time Victoria left her little cabin, where, after the ſtorm had ſubſided, ſhe obtained a refreſhing and tranquil ſlumber; and when ſhe revifited the deck, ſhe partook of the beſt food the brigantine afforded, which was not very choice, as, anxious only for eſcape, they beſtowed not their thoughts

thoughts upon refreſhments of a ſuperior kind. But they were now out of don Manuel's caſtle, and Victoria had appetite to eat ſome of the homely food, which ſhe thought delicious when preſented to her by Hippolyto, who ſeemed every moment to poſſeſs more and more—from her increaſing admiration of his virtues and his manners—the power of making all ſhe met with, if he was near, appear to her in the moſt pleaſing point of view.

As evening approached, a gentle breeze ſprung up, propitious to the pilot's wiſhes, who being a native of Toulon, ſecretly wiſhed to make for that port, and therefore now ſtarted innumerable objections to their ſteering for Leghorn, with the wind unfavourable, and the hands on board nearly exhauſted from the exertions of the preceding night; and Hippolyto, although apprehenſive of the dangers they muſt be expoſed to, was unwillingly compelled to acquieſce.

(To be continued.)

Characteriſticks. No. IV.

QUADRATUS is a man of mean and barren capacity, but by a grave and ſober deportment has eſtabliſhed to himſelf the character of a philoſopher and ingenious mechanic. Quadratus is dull and ſlow; but the vaſt importance he gives to the moſt trivial inquiry or propoſition, and the wiſe face he affects to make in ſuch diſcuſſions, give the vulgar, who do not ſee further than the ſurface, the higheſt opinion of his talents. As for Quadratus's knowledge of mechanics, it amounts to no more than the art of puzzling himſelf with his own problems, and tiring every body elſe with his tedious definitions. If it is to be done by *degrees*, he is the moſt likely man on earth to find out the longitude; and indeed, if the common adage is true, he is qualified in another reſpect. Quadratus fancies that it is his opinion which decides every argument; and when he ſpeaks, he is aſtoniſhed to find any one inattentive to his diſcourſe. Quadratus has few good qualities; he is never generous but when he wants company; and if he aſks a man to dinner, it is that he may make him liſten to his remarks and theories, with which he tires him almoſt to death; and the poor wretch goes away lamenting the ſeverity of the duty which the obligation has impoſed. Quadratus is what is called by modern philoſophers a moral man; that is, he is honeſt for his own intereſt. Quadratus is, moreover, grovelling and debaſed in mind, coarſe in manners, a *wiſe man* in his own conceit, and a blockhead in the opinion of every *wiſe man*.

LAMBUNCULUS is an artiſt by profeſſion, and a waterman by inclination; beſides which, he is a mechanic and a gentleman. Lambunculus is amphibious, and lives as much on water as on land. He is a good-natured eccentric man; but like Quadratus, too much given to grave diſcourſe. He is, however, a great mechanic, and actually built a copper boat of his own conſtruction. The principle no doubt was good; the boat was perfect, and would have anſwered all the purpoſes of navigation if it had not ſunk the inſtant Lambunculus ſet his foot in it. This damped his ſpirits a little, and he walked home very diſconſolate, with his canoe under his arm. Lambunculus is very fond of harangues, and loves to ſpeak in public; the worſt of it is that he is little. Lambunculus however contrived, in the common hall of the city of ———, to remedy this deficiency, by mounting on the ſhoulders of a tall ſtock-broker. Still the experiment did not anſwer, nor was ſilence procured for the orator, until an immenſe umbrella was ſpread over his head by a wag next him; this had the deſired effect: the eyes of the lord mayor, deputies, and common-council, were fixed on Lambunculus under the parapet. Acclamation followed every period: and Lambunculus, highly pleaſed at having obtained ſo much notice, deſcended from his throne amidſt the plaudits of his fellow-citizens. Lambunculus is very fond of uſing contradiction, not from any perverſeneſs of mind, but from a deſire of being ſingular,

ſingular, and giving ſingular opinions. Lambunculus will not pay a tax without allowing his goods to be ſeized, not from embarraſſment how to pay the money, but becauſe he likes to make a ſpeech before the commiſſioners. Lambunculus likes to be in ſcrapes, that he may uſe his fortitude, and to be oppreſſed, that he may ſhew his independence.

A Noontide Walk in June. By J. M. L.

'Neglected now the early *daiſy* lies;
Nor thou, pale *primroſe!* bloom'ſt the only prize;
Advancing SPRING profuſely ſpreads abroad,
Flow'rs of all hues, with ſweeteſt fragrance ſtor'd.
Where'er ſhe treads, LOVE gladdens ev'ry plain,
Delight, on tiptoe, bears her lucid train;
Sweet *hope* with conſcious brow before her flies,
Anticipating wealth from ſummer ſkies.
All Nature feels her renovating ſway,
The ſheep fed paſture, and the meadow gay;
And trees and ſhrubs, no longer budding ſeen,
Diſplay the new-grown branch of lighter green:
On airy downs the ſhepherd idling lies,
And ſees *to-morrow* in the marbled ſkies.' BLOOMFIELD.

THUS had Nature's pureſt poet deſcribed the beauties of 'advancing ſpring;' and May had fully verified his deſcription: lightſome hours of gentleneſs and love had beamed on every plain, had tuned every grove to melody. The 'early daiſy and pale primroſe' were now neglected for the

'Flow'rs of all hues, with ſweeteſt fragrance ſtor'd,'

that fringed the wanderer's path, or decorated the hedge-row with their ſimple blooms: every ſcene was full of lovelineſs; all around was perfect peace. Alas! not ſo my own mind!

'For woe has planted deep her piercing thorn
Within this breaſt, where throbs an aching heart;
A deeper wound than that of ſcowling-ſcorn,
A fiercer pang than ſorrow's common ſmart.'

Author's Manuſcript Poems.

May, with all its charms, had loſt the power to ſoothe the painful pang, that probed my troubled breaſt.—That month had taken from me the beſt of fathers, the ſincereſt of men; had guided me to his ſick bed-ſide, where my liſtening ears had caught his lateſt ſigh; and had lighted my footſteps to his openieg tomb, where with tearful eye I had ſeen him conſigned to the peaceful ſilence of the grave. Loſt then on me were all thoſe charms that cauſed to others the moſt exquiſite delight.

'Congenial more would be the twilight's gloom,
The ſhriek of ſorrow, than the ſong of joy;
The midnight darkneſs of the murky tomb,
Where meddling troublers come not to annoy.

For oft, in ſilence and in grief alone,
The guſhing tear-drop will unbidden fall;
A holy tribute to mild Mercy's throne;
An offering to HIM who died for all.'

Author's Manuſcript Poems.

Soon however I reſumed my accuſtomed walks: for what is more ſoothing to the mind in want of peace than the tranquil ſcenery of latter ſpring and early ſummer? I ſought my uſual paths; and found a gradual calm ſteal over my ſenſes as I liſtened to the praiſe fraught ſong of the heaven-directed lark; or, ſitting beneath ſome fragrant ſhade, wandered in imagination with ſome favourite poet through all his devious walks, where the eye of genius had traced beauties unknown and unnoticed by the vulgar gaze; or ſympathiſed in his griefs, which the

magic

magic pen of true poesy had rendered interesting to *any mind*, to a congenial one almost sacred. Thus time crept away; and June, with all her beamy offspring, came to lead the infant Summer o'er the plains.

The morning of the day I had chosen for my ramble rose gloomily,

'And heavily in clouds brought on the day.'

It was very warm; and as I set out a few heats were falling, but they speedily ceased: and the great luminary of day soon asserted his superior powers, and burst through the heavy veil of clouds that had before concealed him, in all the majesty of light and glory.

My path was skirted with various fragants, whose simple blossoms are ever dearer to me than the rarer flowers of the garden, whose forms often exhibit in reality less of real beauty than the unheeded children of Nature.

'The peeping primrose palely glow'd
From Nature's mossy bed;
The meads with scented sweets were strew'd;
The cowslip rais'd its head.

'The blue-bell's beauties too were seen
Beneath the hedge-row's side;
The daisy speckled all the green
With verdure's simplest pride.

'The modest violet's beauty blush'd,
In close retirement laid:
By foot unfeeling oft 'tis crush'd,
Or by the rustic's spade.

'Nor must the butterflower's bloom,
'Mongst these unnotic'd pass;
Which, though it boasts no rich perfume,
Bedecks the new-sprung grass.

Hearing a loud laugh in a field separated from me by a high hedge, I sought the gate of it, and found it proceeded from a troop of hay-makers who were tossing the summer's first tribute to the air to dry; and at the same time were busily employed in passing their jokes on each other, while an almost general smile of joy spread their sunburnt countenances. Here were all ages intermixed, from the child, who was scarcely able to wield the fork on account of its youth, to the man or woman, who were almost as unable to wield it from their age. How beautifully does Bloomfield describe a scene like this!

'Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along:
Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong;
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and ev'ry sinew tries—
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come, HEALTH! come, *jollity!* light-footed come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits, and hails you as its own;
Each moisten'd brow, that scorns to wear a frown.
Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed;
E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid
Hies to the field, the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-chair,
His cool brick-floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swath, the quiv'ring load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down:
Where oft the mastiff sculks with half-shut eyes
And rouses at the stranger passing by.
Whilst unrestrain'd the social converse flows,
And ev'ry breast love's powerful impulse knows:

And rival wits, with more than rustic grace,
Confess the presence of a pretty face.'

The heat now became excessive, which the exercise of walking considerably increased. 'Summer's light garb itself' was almost too much to bear, and I sought a shady recess by the side of a placid river: a slight breeze, that scarcely ruffled its surface, wafted the melodious sounds of a distant ring of bells to my enraptured ear. Methought they were probably pealing in joyous numbers for some village wedding, or churchwardens' feast; but whatever was the cause, I felt the effect of the soothing murmur of the bells, by their almost lulling me into a slumber. To shake off this drowsiness I proceeded up the stream, under the embowering protection of some pendant willows, whose sweepy branches dimpled the mirror-like face of the river. 'Here,' whispered recollection, 'you have often enjoyed the silent amusement of angling; and have mixed with your enjoyments—hinted humanity—the cruelty of inflicting death: the inoffensive worm, or giddy fly, have first been your victims, whose deceptive appearance tempted the finny wanderers to a seeming dainty repast; but alas! the barb of death tore them from their element, to die unheeded on the plain.' I pleaded guilty to both, and bent my footsteps towards home by another road. In crossing a hay-field I saw an interesting female figure before me, who was wildly decorating her dishevelled hair with wreaths of faded flowers, which she gathered from amongst the hay. Her every action spoke her reason lost. She now altered her position, which gave me an opportunity of discovering a beautiful set of features, but sadly pale. The lustre of her once-lovely eyes was no more: there, more than any where, was depicted the melancholy of her mind. Lovely wreck! Heaven only knows from what cause sprang thy malady. Perchance 'twas disappointed love; or, worse than all, seduction's pang may have overturned reason's throne. Such was

FAIR ANNA'S FATE.

'Fair Anna boasted ev'ry charm,
And dwelt afar from London city,
In love she fear'd no lurking harm:
But learn her fate from this sad ditty.

'Young William gain'd her tender love;
A wretch was he, unus'd to pity;
Seduc'd, he left her then to prove
The fate I tell in this sad ditty.

'Fair Anna sank beneath the blow;
The grave receiv'd her form in pity,
Where yonder weeping willows grow
She lies, whose fate has fill'd my ditty.

Sometimes, indeed, excessive grief for the loss of a near and dear relative, or kindred friend, plants the seeds of melancholy. Often, too, it springs from an apparently causeless source: a case of which kind Bloomfield beautifully describes. The rural maiden's name was Mary Rayner, and she resided at Ixworth Thorp, near to where he himself came from; and with that quotation I shall conclude my noon-tide ramble in June.

'The pride of such a party, Natural pride,
Was lovely Poll; who innocently tried
With hat of airy shape, and ribbons gay,
Love to inspire, and stand in Hymen's way.
But ere her *twentieth* summer could expand,
Or youth was render'd happy with her hand,
Her mind's serenity was lost and gone,
Her eye grew languid, and she wept alone.
Yet causeless seem'd her grief; for quick restrain'd,
Mirth follow'd loud, or indignation reign'd;
Whims wild and simple led her from her home,
The heath, the common, or the fields to roam.

Tem-

Terror and joy alternate rul'd her hours;
Now blithe she sung, and gather'd useless flow'rs;
Now pluck'd a tender twig from ev'ry bough;
To whip the hov'ring demons from her brow.
Ill-fated maid! thy guiding spark is fled,
And lasting wretchedness awaits thy bed—
Thy bed of straw! for mark, where even now
O'er their lost child afflicted parents bow.
Their woe she knows not, but, perversely coy,
Inverted customs yield her sullen joy;
Her midnight meals in secrecy she takes,
Low mutt'ring to the moon, that rising breaks
Through night's dark gloom:—Oh! how much more forlorn
Her night, that knows of no returning morn!—
Slow from the threshold, once her infant seat,
O'er the cold earth she crawls to her retreat;
Quitting the cot's warm walls, unhous'd to lie,
Or share the swine's impure and narrow sty.
The damp night air her shiv'ring limbs assails;
In dreams she moans, and fancied wrongs bewails.
When morning wakes, none earlier rous'd than she,
When pendant drops fell glitt'ring from the tree;
But nought her rayless melancholy cheers,
Or soothes her breast, or stops her streaming tears.
Her matted locks unornamented flow;
Clasping her knees, and waving to and fro;—
Her head bow'd down, her faded cheek to hide;—
A piteous mourner by the pathway side.
Some tufted molehill through the liveiong day
She calls her throne; there weeps her life away:
And oft the gaily-passing stranger slays
His well-tim'd step, and takes a silent gaze,
Till sympathetic drops unbidden start,
And pangs quick-springing mutter round his heart;
And soft he threads with other gazers round,
And fain would catch her sorrow's plaintive sound.
One word alone is all that strikes the ear,
The short, pathetic, simple word—
'Oh dear!'
A thousand times repeated to the wind,
That wafts the sigh, but leaves the pang behind!
For ever of the proffer'd parley shy,
She hears th' unwelcome foot advancing nigh;
Nor quite unconscious of her wretched plight,
Gives one sad look, and hurries out of sight!'

A Noontide Walk in July. By the Same.

'The lark on high had soar'd his flight,
His Maker's praise to prove;
To greet the source of heat and light
With wonder, joy, and love.'
Author's Poems.

MY favourite bird had mounted high amid the solar beam, when I commenced my customary ramble: invisible to the eye, still his melodious anthem sounded sweetly on the ear. Most of the hay was now carried, and the grass, refreshed by some rain that had fallen at the end of June, after a long series of dry weather, sprouted with spring-like luxuriance; whilst the frolic lamb cropped the grateful herbage, and the ruminating cow, stretched on the verdant turf, chewed her cud in peace.

'I rov'd

'I rov'd with devious ſtep, and heard the rill
That murmur'd ſweet; and liſten'd to the gale
That kiſs'd the bending thyme, and from its wings
Shook all Arabia's fragrance through the air.'

I croſſed a large open and field, where the only marks that ſhowed the different proprietor's grounds were ſmall white poſts; but thoſe were now hidden by the wavy treaſure, that already nodded to the paſſing gales.—Here were wheat, barley, rye, peaſe, beans, and clover, growing in the different ſtrips of land, which, as my path croſſed the whole, gave a pleaſing diverſity to the ſcene. A boy was employed to drive away the ſparrows from one piece of wheat, who was luſtily hollowing and ſhaking his rattle for that purpoſe. He brought *Giles*, in Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy, to my mind, who has a ſimilar employment aſſigned him in ſummer.

'Shut up from broad rank blades that droops below,
The nodding *wheat-ear* forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels ſtarting full, weigh'd down,
Ere yet the ſun hath ting'd its head with brown;
Whilſt thouſands in a flock for ever gay,
Loud chirping *ſparrows* welcome on the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.
Giles, with a pole aſſails their cloſe retreats,
And round the graſs grown dewy border beats.
On either ſide completely o'erſpread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.
Green covert, hail! for through the varying year,
No hours ſo ſweet, no ſcene to him ſo dear.
Here *wiſdom's* placid eye delighted ſees
His frequent intervals of lonely eaſe,
And with one ray his infant ſoul inſpires,
Juſt kindling there her never-dying fires;
Whence ſolitude derives peculiar charms
And heav'n directed thought his boſom warms.
Juſt where the parting boughs light ſhadows play,
Scarce in the ſhade, nor in the ſcorching day,
Stretched on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where ſwarming inſects creep around his head.
The ſmall duſt-colour'd beetle climbs with pain
O'er the ſmooth plantain-leaf, a ſpacious plain!
Thence higher ſtill, by countleſs ſteps convey'd,
He gains the ſummit of a ſhiv'ring blade,
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his diſtance from the ground.
The tender ſpeckled moth here dancing ſeen,
The vaulting graſshopper of gloſſy green,
And all prolific *Summer's* ſporting train,
Their little lives by various powers ſuſtain.'

The field I was croſſing was one of thoſe that, after a certain day in autumn, become *common* to the poorer claſſes of the pariſh, to turn their cattle, &c. out upon: I could not but ſigh at the deprivation they have ſuſtained in moſt places by the envious incloſure of them, through which means very many ruſtics are driven into the army, and their families forced upon the bounty of the pariſh; add to this, the neighbouring markets are deprived of a pleutiful ſupply of poultry, which uſed to be reared or fed on thoſe commons and common fields, which are now to be ſeen no more; the wanderer is deprived of an agreeable wild walk, endeared to him perhaps from early infancy, and is obliged to take his way along the duſty road, being completely

completely fenced, hedged, and ditched out of his old route; and all this has been done to aggrandiſe a *very few* opulent farmers, ſquires, and noblemen, who probably did not want the addition it will bring them; while poverty's ſuffering throng either ſeek ſome diſtant part of the country, or perhaps (worſe than all) emigrate to America; thus depriving a nation of its beſt ſource of wealth, population! Beautifully does Bloomfield deplore the diſtance and diſtinction of late years introduced between farmers and their ſervants: formerly the ſame homely board, the ſame homely viands, the ſame home-brewed ale, and horn-cup to drink it out of, ſerved them indiſcriminately.

'Methinks I hear the mourner thus impart
The ſtifled murmurs of his wounded heart:
'Whence comes this change, ungracious, irkſome, cold?
Whence the new grandeur that mine eyes behold?
The widening diſtance which I daily ſee?
Has wealth done this?—Then wealth's a foe to me;
Foe to our rights; that leaves a pow'rful few
The paths of emulation to purſue: . .
For emulation ſtoops to us no more:
The hope of humble induſtry is o'er;
The blameleſs hope, the cheering ſweet preſage
Of future comforts for declining age.
Can my ſons ſhare from this paternal hand
The profits with the labour of the land?
No; though indulgent Heaven its bleſſing deigns,
Where's the ſmall farm to ſuit my ſcanty means?
Content, the poet ſings, with us reſides;
In lonely cots like mine the damſel hides:
And will he then in raptured viſions tell
That ſweet *content* with *want* can ever dwell?
A barley-loaf, 'tis true my table crowns,
That faſt diminiſhing in luſty rounds
Stops Nature's cravings; yet her ſighs will flow
From knowing this,—that once it was not ſo.
Our annual feaſt, when Earth her plenty yields,
When crown'd with boughs the laſt load quits the fields,
The aſpect ſtill of ancient joy puts on;
The aſpect only, with the ſubſtance gone.
The ſelf-ſame horn is ſtill at our command,
But ſerves none now but the plebeian band:
For *home-brew'd ale*, neglected and debas'd,
Is quite diſcarded from the realms of taſte.
Where unaffected freedom charm'd the ſoul,
The *ſeparate* table, and the coſtly bowl,
Cool as the blaſt that checks the budding ſpring,
A mockery of gladneſs round them fling,
For oft the farmer, ere his heart approves,
Yields up the cuſtom which he dearly loves:
Refinement forces on him like a tide;
Bold innovations down its current ride,
That bear no peace beneath their ſhowy dreſs,
Nor add one tittle to his happineſs.
His gueſts ſelected; rank punctilios known;
What trouble waits upon a caſual frown!
Reſtraint's foul manacles his pleaſures maim;
Selected gueſts ſelected phraſes claim:
Nor reigns that joy, when hand in hand they join,
That good old maſter felt in ſhaking mine.
Heaven bleſs his memory! bleſs his honour'd name!
(The poor will ſpeak his laſting worthy fame.)

To

To fools fair-purpos'd ſtrength and guidance give;
In pity to us, ſtill let goodneſs live;
Let labour have its due; my cot ſhall be
From chilling want and guilty murmurs free;
Let labour have its due; then peace is mine,
And never, never, ſhall my heart repine.'

Sorry am I to ſay, there is too much of truth in the foregoing lines; but all human ſorrow has its period, and the ſufferer muſt look to 'another and a better world' for happineſs eternal.

'Life ſoon expires, and though 'tis fancied long,
Youth dies a child, and age itſelf is young:
Paſs but the cloudy ſcene, 'tis quickly done;
We leave the earth, behold the burſting noon.
Mount o'er the ſkies, reign, triumph, and adore
Where grief ſhall blaſt and death ſhall ſting no more.' OGILVIE.

Leaving the open field, I entered a cloſe lane, where the hedge on each ſide was decorated with woodbines, whoſe exquiſitely grateful ſcent ſpread through the air an odoured ſweetneſs. Nature's harmoniſts warbled, in notes as various as their plumage, the ſong of univerſal joy; but one amongſt them, the 'Bird of Spring,' could now ſcarcely be heard from its houſeleſs, and only the firſt ſyllable of 'Cuckoo' could be diſtinguiſhed: ſtill, though the cuckoo is hailed with all the warmth of rapture when her ſong is firſt heard, when ſummer has advanced in all its golden beauty, we loſe her ſong without regret; and it is not wonderful—for after a dreary winter the cuckoo is the earlieſt ſongſter who calls our attention to advancing ſpring.

'Where yonder oaks a noon-day twilight throw,
And, hoar with moſs, extend their aged arms,
Now let me walk with meaſur'd ſtep and ſlow,
And woo ſoft Melancholy's ſober charms.

'Sadneſs I know: oft have I met the maid
At even-tide, along yon cavern'd ſteeps;
Or by the ſtream, that thro' the ſullen ſhade,
Like me, unheeded, ſteals along and weeps.'

Thus did I hail a bowered ſeat, beneath the covert of ſome moſs-clad oaks: here, during my ſtay in this part of the country, I had often meditated on the beauty of the ſurrounding ſcenery—had liſtened to the dulcet murmurs of an adjacent waterfall, mingled with the melody of the feathered choir.—Now a penſive melancholy ſtole over my mind; I was about to quit this part for a conſiderable time; poſſibly I might never return. I have met with the remark, that there is no one thing, however diſagreeable, that we can take a *final farewell* of without feeling a pang of emotion: how much greater, then, muſt be the regret, when we quit a favourite ſpot, a beloved ſociety, and know not when we ſhall again behold them? Thus then I apoſtrophiſed the bower:

'Dear lovely bower! to-morrow morn
From thee I haſte away:
Say, will the ſun with ſmiles adorn
The melancholy day?

'Ah! yes; the ſun as bright will ſhine,
The flowers as gaily blow;
Nought but this hapleſs heart of mine
Will wear the gloom of woe.

'How quickly am I forced to haſte
From ſcenes ſo fair and new!
Thy charms I juſt began to taſte;
Oh! lovely bower, adieu!

'What though to me more lovely vales
And ſweeter ſhades are given;—
A pang the parting ſpirit feels,
Though leaving Earth for Heaven!'

I now bent my ſteps homeward, and ſet

set about the preparations for my departure to another scene, but surely not a fairer.

An Evening Walk in Summer. By S. T.

'Now swarms the village o'er the joyful meads;
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthy and strong: full as the summer rose,
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.'
THOMSON.

A REFRESHING shower had just fallen, which laid the dust, and rendered the evening more agreeable, when I set out on my accustomed walk: the day had been uncommonly hot, and upon referring I found the heat had not been exceeded for many years.—The setting sun had a beautiful and pleasing effect on the surrounding landscape; the rich tints of green and gold that arose from the intermixture of woods, of pasture grounds, and fields of corn, together with the beauteous winding stream, afforded a sublime and pleasing prospect. Beneath an old thorn at a small distance lay the watchful shepherd, whilst his bleating innocent flock lolled at rest beneath the shade of the adjoining wood; and the attentive angler loitered along the banks of the sedgy rill. I walked on till at length I reached a little cottage at the end of the wood. A little noisy dog announced my approach by his barking; which however was soon silenced by the order of its rural humble master, who was tilling his little garden.

'Oh! blest is he
Who dwells in scenes like these: blest is the man
Whose habitation rises in the vale,
Beside the winding streamlet.'

His dear partner sat knitting under an arbour surrounded with woodbines, while their little one was playing at a distance. Real contentment seemed here to take possession—and here I enjoyed the contemplative thought, that pure tranquillity and happiness are here found, and the beauties of nature can here only be met with in their genuine simplicity.

'Oft have I pass'd yon cottage door at eve,
Where sat the swain—his daily labour done—
Nursing his little children on his knee,
And kissing them at times; while o'er him bent
His lovely partner, smiling as she view'd
Her lisping babes.'

Thus lives the happy pair in real felicity, mutual fondness and esteem.—Here let the rich and voluptuous contemplate true happiness; let them here reflect on this incomparable state of genuine tranquillity, and they will find that

''Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perched up in a glitt'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.'

I passed along the wood, meditating on the enjoyments of retirement—while the fragrant wild-flowers perfumed the gentle breeze, the shrill thrush echoed her note through the adjoining grove. My path then led me to a hay-field; and having passed it, I came to a brook. An aged oak overshadowed a hillock, and upon which I sat down, when the following lines occurred to my recollection.

'———When the moon,
Her glories scatter'd o'er the curling clouds,
Glides on the face of Heav'n; when the stars
Smile in their golden splendours, and the breeze
Scarce wafts the summer's perfume; then delights
The lover, in the dewy grove conceal'd,

To murmur ſweetly in his miſtreſs' ear,
To breath his hopes, to woo her to be kind,
And tie the myſtic knot of holy love.'

Bitter recollection here ſtrongly painted to my mind, this was the ſpot where I firſt explained the ſufferings of my heart; 'twas here I firſt acknowledged my pure and faithful paſſion to that lovely yet capricious maiden: the evening, like the preſent, was ſerene and mild; the vale, like the preſent, was embelliſhed with variegated wild-flowers; the murmur of the diſtant rill recoiled the ſame: 'twas round thoſe very meads, with heart elate, I ſtrayed with the dear object of my fondeſt wiſhes, for her I would have freely ſacrificed my fortune and my life.

'———How I lov'd,
Witneſs ye days and nights, and all your hours,
That danced away with down upon your feet,
As all your bus'neſs were to count my paſſion.'

Thus I lived and loved—but, alas! it was tranſitory; fate forbade the continuance of thoſe unſullied joys: ſhe was too ſuſceptible—an acquaintance of hers, a paltry ſycophant, took an opportunity to defame and ſlanderouſly repreſent me—and ſhe, alas! liſtened and believed.

'———Slander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.'

Hope ſeemed now extinct, and thus ſeemed to end an attachment honourable in its commencement, yet cruel in its termination. To conceal my feelings, to conquer my grief, was a taſk hard indeed: yet it was ſoftened by the reflection, that I had conducted myſelf with truth and honour.

'——Though not one chearing ray appear,
My ſoul, upheld by conſcious innocence,
(Truſting to that imperious defence)
Riſes ſuperior to ignoble fear:
I ſtill will hope, that ſoon, the clouds withdrawn,
A brighter day ſhall on my proſpect dawn.'

I cannot do better than by here quoting an obſervation of a diſtinguiſhed author, who ſays, 'Slight, and almoſt infinitely ſlender, are the threads of a ſpider, or the webs of a ſilk-worm; but infinitely more ſlender are the threads by which the fates of mankind are connected and entangled.'

I aroſe from my ſeat, and continued my way till the parting ſun ſunk beneath the diſtant hill; the nightingale poured forth his doleful ſtrain, and the fleeting bat reſumed her nigtly round. On a ſudden the ſound of village-bells accoſted mine ear, which added greatly to the rural luxury I enjoyed; the cooling breeze murmured through the grove, and the warbling linnet ſung her evening ſong. I ſtopped a few minutes to liſten to the harmony.

'Sweet diſtant round of village-bells!
Soft on the ear thy muſic ſwells;
And with the breeze, at intervals,
Or riſes loud, or faintly falls!
O ſimpleſt harmony! mine ear
Delights thy meaſur'd chime to hear.'

Having ſtrayed rather farther than I at firſt intended, I turned acroſs the fields for the neareſt way to my abode. Night ſtole quick upon me; for the ſun had ſunk to reſt, and the moon ſubſtituted her paler ray to light me to my habitation. I ſhortly reached it, quite fatigued with my ramble, and my mind heavy with recollection. After a little refreſhment, I took up 'Zimmerman's Solitude;' and the following paſſage attracted my notice, though not completely conſonant to my feelings.

'Solitude,' ſays he, 'however, does not deprive the boſom of the unhappy

happy lover of its usual comforts: he reviews his past pleasures without danger, and laments their transitory nature without regret: he ceases in time to weep and suffer: and when death arrives, exclaims with a tranquil sigh—'Oh lovely object of my soul! if you should learn my fate, a love like mine may well deserve the tribute of a tear, and call one gentle sigh from your relenting heart. Forget my faults, and while my virtues live, let my follies die, within your bosom.

'If e'er I blot her memory from my mind,
May all my songs severest censure prove,
And Fate relentless scatter to the wind
My hopes of fame, of fortune and of love!
No! cruel maid, for still the moon shall see,
And watchful eve, the tears I shed for thee!'

London Fashions.

A ROBE of purple Italian net, trimmed and ornamented with narrow ribbon of the same colour: sleeves very short, and trimmed with lace: white sarsnet lining and body: head-dress, a rich point veil, spotted and laced with silver: gold or silver lace for bandeaus.

Gipsey hat of white chip, tied under the chin with a blue silk handkerchief. A round walking dress of thick muslin, with coloured borders and trimmings. Mantle of lino, lined with silk: puckered collar, and small hood.

Parisian Fashions.

YELLOW straw hats, *à la Pamela*, increase in number, as do also the oblong capotes of perkale. The former are almost always ornamented with a very large white ribbon. On the white straw-hats are usually worn a small garland of roses. The roses most in fashion are those called the roses of the four seasons, and not large roses; the lilac is the white lilac: besides these are worn ranunculuses, and with straw-coloured ears of corn, poppies, and blue-bells: pinks and the hortensia, are likewise worn.

Some modists have made an attempt to bring the lapis lazuli into vogue; but ribbons of a pale rose colour, or a dead white, are most generally in request.

Some capotes of perkale are embroidered in colours, and some *Pamelas* of muslin with white cotton.

Many fashionables wear robes which come up to the neck, and have large ruffs in the Spanish manner: but these robes are of fine muslin, and do not conceal the neck, though they cover it. The robes of silk and cotton are rose and white, or rose upon rose; they are trimmed with crape, interspersed with satin ribands. The aprons have a corsage and sleeves; but they have no pockets: the corsage goes up to the neck, and has a frilette of dentilated *tulle*.

The Place of Hell.

MR. SWINDEN, a clergyman who lived at the beginning of the last century, was of opinion that the *Sun* was the common receptacle of the devils and wicked men, and that they would be tormented in it for ever and ever.

Whenever he turned his eyes towards the *Sun*, he could not refrain, he said, from breaking out into this, or the like devotional meditation, to the great Creator of it.

'O God, who above all the sublunary creatures hast dignified man with the light of reason, which affordeth him many full and substantial proofs of a future state; and hast also declared in the holy and revealed word, that there is a life after this, wherein good men shall be rewarded, and evil men punished; that the righteous shall be received in thy heavenly kingdom, and that the wicked shall be shut out from thence, and thrown into the horrid and dismal pit of hell. O God, who hast farther declared, that the hell

was

was prepared for the devil, that rebellious ſpirit, and an innumerable multitude of angels that fell with him, who are reſerved there *in chains of darkneſs unto the judgment of the great day*; and that it will be alſo the fate of infinite numbers of ungodly men to be, both ſoul and body, caſt into it; and haſt alſo expreſsly called it Γέεννα τῦ πυρὸς, *the Hell of Fire*, and deſcribed to be *a lake of fire, that burneth day and night for ever*. I am inclined from all this to conclude, that it is a mighty and vaſt extended place, far beyond what can be ſuppoſed to be at or near the centre of this little ball of the earth, and of a nature not likely to ſubſiſt there. But though it ſuiteth not with my reaſon to think it there, yet do I not in the leaſt diſbelieve that it is: nay, there appear to me plain evidences of it. For when I conſider the works of thy hands, and, as I conceive myſelf obliged, ſeriouſly contemplate the beautiful fabric of this great viſible world; amongſt the reſt of its parts, a body of a vaſt and wonderful bulk, ten hundred thouſand times bigger than this globe of the earth and ſeas, preſenteth itſelf daily to my view, which, by the burning heat of its rays, ſenſibly convinceth me of the hot and fiery conſtitution of its nature; and being, according to the opinions of the beſt and moſt acute philoſophers, ſituate at the extremeſt diſtance from the empyrean Heaven, where is the throne of thy glory, and the ſeat of the bleſſed angels, and the happy ſouls of juſt men made perfect: that it is directly oppoſite to that in this, as heaven and hell are to each other in all reſpects whatſoever; that that is the higheſt, and this is the loweſt place, that the greateſt, and this the leaſt of thy everlaſting works; that this remaineth no leſs fixed and unmoveable than that; that this was the firſt part which thou didſt create in this viſible world immediately ſucceeding the ſin and fall of Lucifer and his angels; it ſeemeth to me, upon the beſt reaſon I have of things, to be the place which thou madeſt for their priſon, and for the puniſhment both of them and of wicked men. And I am the rather confirmed in this, becauſe of the early and almoſt univerſal idolatry paid to it; it ſuiting well with the extreme ſubtilty of that apoſtate ſpirit to entice mankind to *deny thee the God above*, and to worſhip at once the ſeat of his kingdom, and the place of their own eternal torment. And though this end of its creation is not plainly mentioned in thy revealed word, yet is it not in the leaſt contradicted by it, or any part of it: nay, I think there is one hint that ſoundeth ſomething like it. For there I read of an *angel* that poured out his viol upon the ſun; and power was given him to ſcorch men with fire; and men were burnt with great heat, and blaſphemed the name of God, and they repented not to give him glory*.

'It is true, indeed, thou haſt ſuffered thy ſaints to compare thee to it; but this they did, not as it is the place of puniſhment in the next world, but as it is the moſt glorious and reſplendent part of this. As it is the fountain of light and heat, the principle of life and health, of fructification and exhilaration to all creatures; which benefits, though very great, and abſolutely neceſſary in this life, do not yet hinder, but that it may alſo be the inſtrument of thy glory in puniſhing the enemies of thee and thy goodneſs to all eternity hereafter.

'For that the torments of hell are eternal, or without end, is a truth eſtabliſhed upon the expreſſed teſtimony of thy word, and the univerſal conſent of thy holy church.

'From all which I apprehend it to be my certain duty, neither with the ſpeculative atheiſt to deny the exiſtence of a hell, nor with the practical to live ſo as if I dreaded not to come thither.

'Grant, therefore, O Lord, that I may be ſo affected with the mighty benefits which thou haſt ordained the ſun to be an inſtrument of to me here, that I may not be puniſhed in the flames of hell, whether it be ſituate there, as I imagine, or elſewhere, for

NOTE.

* *Rev.* xvi. 8, 9.

ever

ever hereafter. This I beg of thee for the sake of Jesus Christ, the bright *sun of righteousness*, who is appointed to be the *judge both of quick and dead*.—To whom with thee, O Father, and the Holy Ghost, *Three Persons, and One Eternal God*, be ascribed all honour and glory, both now and for evermore, *Amen!*

For the Hibernian Magazine.

On Romantic Scenery.

OUR kind creator has given us the faculty of seeing, that we may contemplate his works: and we may conclude that they are worthy of our admiration; but at the same time we are possessed of taste very different. So that what some admire, others depreciate. Romantic scenery, therefore, is not agreeable to all. A great deal, no doubt, depends upon our education and circumstances in life. In proportion to the refinement of our imagination, we shall esteem the landscapes of nature, and perceive inimitable beauties hidden from the rest of mankind.

There are many, whose country is delightful, whose domains are beautiful, who prefer any situation before their own, and can spend the greatest part of their time and fortune in another land, forgetful of the tear of humanity, and the claims of their dependants. This may arise from an unsettled disposition, and the want of a proper judgment to appreciate the worth of things. Even Adam and Eve, we are informed, were discontented with paradise after their judgment was perverted: and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that mankind should have the same disposition. But we are from hence by no means to infer, that travelling to explore countries is blameable: whereas it is the only method to give us the insight into the beauties of universal nature; for historians in general are very partial in their accounts of men and things.

Some, in travelling, are fond of romantic countries, and think that there is sameness in some landscapes. Such persons can be highly gratified from the scenery of Ireland; for it is impossible to perceive the elevated situation of many parts round Dublin, and not be as it were enchanted. From Bray-head, and the Sugar-loaf mountains, what an enchanting prospect is presented to our view? Can there be any thing wanting to complete the landscape?—The finest bay in the world, that of Naples only excepted, is presented to our sight: the plains of different towns form a scene worthy of universal admiration; and on a clear day the county of Wicklow on one hand, and Wales on the other, almost transport the spectator into an extasy of pleasure. To see so many beauties united, all conspiring to perfect the landscape; and at the same time to arise upon the mind without satiety, is agreeable indeed: so that we come from the scenery delighted; and must conclude, that if we except Switzerland, there is no part of the world to be preferred to Ireland for romantic scenery.

The common saying 'that variety is charming,' can be applied without any abuse, to the scenes of nature. Nor are we to except the variety of woods, some of them to be compared with any in England, and the beautiful waterfalls which raise our admiration to the highest degree of excellence; and must oblige the Irish historian, if he do justice, to affirm that many parts of Ireland are to be preferred to England for romantic beauty; and that a traveller would be more delighted who rambles through the interior parts of this land, than in many other countries whose inhabitants are more rich, and whose cities are more elegant.

The improvements which have been made on the hill of Howth, and the safety to be expected from a new harbour, do evince that the Irish are not indifferent to the welfare of mankind, and that if it were in their power they would exceed other countries in agriculture and building. It seems surprizing therefore that so many should prefer any other land before their own, and go from scenes of real pleasure arising from natural beauties, to the

dissipation

diſſipation of the metropolis of England. This diſpoſition muſt ariſe from a vitiated ſpirit, and that love for vice which is indulged by the higher circles of life.

If the Iriſh nobility, after they have diſcharged their duties in England, would return to their beautiful domains, they would be far more happy than to ſpend ſo much of their time and property in another country. This would be the way to improve their eſtates and make themſelves uſeful to their poor dependants, who in their abſence are wanting the neceſſaries of life. For may we not conclude that agriculture and plantations may be brought to greater perfection: and to improve from ſeeing other countries, ought to be the happy conſequence of travelling from our own.

Men of the greateſt learning and reſpectability in life, have left the gay world, and retired to contemplate the beauties of nature in ſolitude. Zimmerman informs us, that 'Petrarch, in the prime of life, and amidſt the happieſt exertions of his extraordinary genius, quitted all the ſeducing charms of ſociety, and retired from love and Avignon, to indulge his mind in literary purſuits, and to relieve his heart from the unfortunate paſſion by which it was enthralled. No ſituation, he conceived, was ſo favourable for theſe purpoſes as the highly romantic and delightful ſolitude of Vaucluſe. It was ſituated within view of the Mediterranean ſea, in a little valley incloſed by a ſemi-circular barrier of rocks, on a plain as beautiful as the vale of Tempe. The rocks were high, bold, and groteſque; and the valley was divided by a river, along the banks of which were meadows and paſtures of a perpetual verdure;—a path on the left ſide of the river led in gentle windings to the head of this vaſt amphitheatre. At the foot of the higheſt rock, and directly in front of the valley, was a prodigious cavern, hollowed by the hand of nature, from whence aroſe a ſpring almoſt as celebrated as that of Helicon. The gloom of the cavern, which was acceſſible when the waters was low, was tremendous. It conſiſted of two excavations; the one forming an arch of ſixty feet high, and the other, which was within, of thirty feet. In the centre of this ſubterraneous rock was an oval baſon, of one hundred and eight feet diameter, into which that copious ſtream which forms the river Sorgia, riſes ſilently, without even a jet or bubble. The depth of this baſon has eluded all attempts to fathom it. In this charming retreat, while Petrarch vainly endeavoured, during a period of twenty years, to forget, he enabled himſelf to endure the abſence of his beloved Laura, and to compute with the higheſt ſatisfaction, the pure pleaſures of rural retirement with the falſe joys of a vicious and corrupt court.'

Woodville, Aug. 5th, 1806. T.

For Walker's Hibernian Magazine.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

DESPONDENCY can never prevent the evils we may apprehend, nor be attended with any good effect though they ſhould never happen.

That pride is commendable which prevents a perſon from doing a mean action.

What is termed, family pride, is generally reſorted to, when after a long line of anceſtry, an unworthy object follows in ſucceſſion. A great character, conſcious that he is to act a part in the world himſelf, will not reſort to the aſhes of the dead for honour or reſpect; but an inſignificant wretch finds it his only reſource, and a poor one it is, to look to his anceſtry for the virtues he is conſcious he does not poſſeſs himſelf; and although ſtrange, praiſe thoſe qualities in others, which he has not the ſpirit to imitate: in fact, any thing can render him more deteſtable, it is his degeneracy from the he vainly boaſts his origin from.

From what motive is it, that we are more ready to praiſe the writings of deceaſed authors than of the living does it not ſhew our unwillingneſs

own a ſuperiority in others above ourſelves; or, may it not proceed from envy? from whatever motive, death by removing the object diſarms us of thoſe ſelfiſh qualities; and what we could not bring ourſelves in juſtice to acknowledge to a living author, how readily do we grant it when he has left the world.

Religion, like beauty, wants not the foreign aid of ornament to make it captivating. It has, however, this ſuperiority over frail and periſhable beauty, that age deprives it not, but rather adds to its charms.

Morality is more commendable in a pagan than a chriſtian country: it is a proof that the heart is good when the pagan poſſeſſes it; but mere morality is a poor anchor for the chriſtian to reſt upon, and can never ſecure the evangelical veſſel from the tempeſtuous ſtorms of a turbulent world.

Are not thoſe characters unhappy who are never known to ſpeak well of any of their brethren. On the other hand indiſcriminate praiſe ſhows a want of diſcernment in the one inſtance, betrays want of judgment in the other:—we plainly evidence a ſurer proof of a bad heart.

The man who is conſtantly talking of his money, and the man who as conſtantly talks of his poverty, are both inſufferable characters, and actually no better than common peſts to ſociety.

The reaſon we meet with the ſtrangeſt characters in large cities is obvious—of the variety of diſpoſitions we meet with, where can they aſſimilate themſelves better than in a large place, be of whatever claſs they may? They cannot fail to find ſome of the ſame deſcription amongſt the motley group found in populous places, which are compoſed of perſons, who, from different views and motives, make ſuch places their reſidence.

With what importance does a little brief authority cloath ſome perſons—ſuch are unfit to rule: And the leſs power is committed to the conſequential and *would-be* important gentlemen, the better for ſociety in general.

Abbey-Boyle, 1ſt Aug. 1806. W. P.

For the Hibernian Magazine.

On the Agency of a particular Providence.

'There is a ſpecial Providence, ev'n in the fall of a Sparrow.' *Hamlet.*

THAT there is a God who governs the world, 'all nature cries aloud.' And, that a general Providence manages all things is univerſally allowed; but to believe in a particular interpoſition of Providence, requires a degree of faith not common to mankind. The heathen philoſophers acknowledged a ſupreme diſpoſer of all events, but thought it beneath the Deity to regard the minute concerns of the human race. Whereas it is peculiar to Chriſtianity to ſee God in all animated nature, and not inattentive to the fall of a ſparrow!

In order to do juſtice to the ſubject, we are to draw a line of diſtinction between the righteous and the wicked; for we cannot conclude that the Supreme Being is as mindful of the ungodly, as of his own ſervants, 'who truſt in him!' 'The ſteps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.' Whereas he is angry with the wicked every day, and frequently he leaves them to their own direction, as they are unwilling to be guided by his wiſdom. This view of the ſubject is abſolutely neceſſary to clear the Divine Being of any injuſtice, or partiality; for 'ſhall not the judge of all the earth do right.' To prove the agency of a particular Providence in the lives of good men, we are in the firſt place to have recourſe to the holy ſcriptures. We are informed in theſe repoſitories of truth, that Abraham was under the agency of a particular Providence in leaving his native country. It is ſaid, that 'he went out, not knowing whither he was ſent;' can we believe that in this perplexity, the God of his life did not direct him? Yes, we may conclude that the place of his ſettlement was decreed by the Almighty. He ſaw what he was expoſed to from the ſurrounding nations; and made proviſion for him and his family. So he did in the

the life of Jacob. When ſolitary as a weary traveller, God diſplayed the agency of a particular Providence in the repreſentation of a ladder from earth to Heaven. Laban was not permitted to hurt him, though he intended to do him miſchief; it was God who hindered him from his purpoſe. The increaſe of his ſubſtance was remarkable; and when returned to his own land, Eſau was friendly to him and his domeſtics. But in no caſe is this ſentiment more prominent than in the life of Joſeph. In this man, God diſplays his particular care. When ſold into Egypt he was not forſaken, and though put into priſon, God delivered him. Teaching mankind that before exaltation, we may be brought very low, and that he over-rules the bad actions of men, for the good of his ſervants. For who could have thought, that his being ſold into a ſtrange country ſhould be the cauſe of his future happineſs. Joſeph made this reflection, 'it was not you who ſold me into Egypt but God,' when he ſaw his brethren unhappy. Inſtances may be multiplied in the lives of Moſes, David and others, to prove the ſentiment advanced in this eſſay; but it would be tedious. Let it ſuffice to remark, that from the few inſtances advanced, we may draw this inference; that the moſt trivial, as well as unlikely circumſtances may produce the moſt beneficial effects to thoſe who truſt in the Almighty, and that the agency of his particular Providence is very clearly manifeſted.

To prove the ſentiment advanced, we may read the lives of all pious men, in every age of the church, and we ſhall find that God was mindful of their concerns, and that in their difficulties, journeys, and deaths, the Almighty diſplayed his guardian care. So that the page of hiſtory in general, proves the ſame important truth.

We may draw the ſame concluſion from our own lives. Who can trace the ſtages of childhood and youth without tracing the footſteps of Divine Providence? Many unexpected events have occurred in a ſeries of years: ſome have ariſen from the moſt trivial circumſtances; eſpecially in forming new connections. The hint of a ſtranger, or, the curſory view of a news paper, have determined ſome of our ſteps. Steps which have been of ſuch a nature, as to leave no doubt of the interpoſition of the Almighty. What influence there may be in dreams, I will not pretend to determine, as the power of imagination is to be no rule for our conduct. Nor are we to think that God can be the author of any immoral conduct; and, therefore, if we do amiſs, we are not to blame the Almighty, but our own depravity. So that the idea of over-ruling our actions, does not prove the doctrine of neceſſity, but only that God as a wiſe agent brings good out of evil. Having taken a curſory view of the ſubject, we may learn a few important leſſons:

As 1ſt. That in every difficulty we are to truſt in the Almighty; and where can we place confidence but in him? For is he not our ſteady friend? 'The ſame yeſterday, to-day, and for ever.' And may we not fear that the cauſe of ſuicide originates frequently from want of this confidence. For the ſentiment of a particular Providence teaches us, that in the greateſt troubles we are in the care of God, and that he can do us good, when all other friends forſake us.

II. From this eſſay, we ſhould learn to be ſilent, when we cannot trace the conduct of the Almighty; 'for though clouds and darkneſs ſurround him, yet righteouſneſs and judgment are the habitation of his ſeat.' And we may infer, that in the day of judgmen we ſhall ſee the equity of his diſpenſations, and with an aſſembled world exclaim, 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, juſt and true are thy ways, thou king of ſaints.'

Woodville, July 19, 1806. T. M.

Journal

Journal of the Proceedings of the Fourth Session of the Second Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. *(Continued from Page 432.)*

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MONDAY, *May* 5.

THE royal aſſent was given by commiſſion to the ten millions exchequer, tea duty, exports and imports, ſnuff and tobacco, witneſſes liability, wine duty, Iriſh ordnance, regulation, admiral Duckworth's annuity, and ſeveral other bills.

Petitions againſt the ſlave importation prevention bill were preſented by the duke of Clarence and lord Hawkeſbury.

Several petitions were alſo preſented againſt the inſolvent debtors' bill.—The bill was then read a ſecond time, the diſcuſſion on its principle being deferred, by conſent of lord Holland, and the oppoſers of the meaſure, till Monday next.

6.] The houſe was occupied in a long diſcuſſion on the principles of the American intercourſe bill; a motion by lord Sheffield, for diſcharging the order for the ſecond reading, was negatived, and the bill was read a ſecond time.

7.] After ſome private buſineſs, petitions were heard againſt the ſlave importation prevention bill; and on the motion of the duke of Clarence, that the petitioners ſhould be heard by themſelves, or their counſel, a long diſcuſſion took place; in which lords Grenville, Ellenborough, St. John, Derby, Auckland, and the biſhop of St. Aſaph, expreſſed their diſapprobation of admitting petitioners to be heard, by counſel at their bar on every occaſion, and particularly on ſubjects of great national policy.

The duke of Clarence, lords Eldon, Hawkeſbury, and Weſtmoreland, contended for the right of petition, and that the petitioners ſhould be allowed to ſupport their caſe by counſel. The diſcuſſion at length terminated in an order being made that counſel ſhould be called in; when meſſrs. Adam and Scarlett were heard upon the part of the petitioners from Jamaica and the Bahama iſlands; after which the bill was read a ſecond time.

13.] The American intercourſe bill was read a third time and paſſed.

14.] Earl Spencer moved an addreſs to his majeſty, thanking him for his gracious meſſage of yeſterday; which was ordered.

INSOLVENT DEBTORS.

On the motion for conſidering the debtors' bill in a committee,

Lord Ellenborough oppoſed it; and obſerved, that from the returns on the table, about one half of the debtors confined in the metropolis had thrown themſelves into priſon ſince Michaelmas term, on the ſpeculation of an act of inſolvency.

The duke of Norfolk, lord Holland, and earl Moira, ſtrenuouſly ſupported the bill; and lord Eldon oppoſed its going into a committee. On a diviſion there were—contents, 11—non contents, 5.—The bill was then committed.

15.] Several amendments, propoſed by lord Holland, were made in the inſolvent debtors' bill.

16.] On the order for the third reading of the ſlave importation reſtriction bill,

The duke of Clarence made an energetic oppoſition to the meaſure, and moved, that a certain part of the title of the bill ſhould be omitted.

The earl of Suffolk, the biſhops of London and St. Aſaph, the duke of Glouceſter, and lords Darnley, Holland, Grenville, Ellenborough, Sidmouth, and Auckland, ſpoke in favour of the bill, and ſeverally pledged themſelves to uſe every effort to aboliſh ſo infamous a traffic.

The marquis of Sligo, the earl of Weſtmoreland, and lords Eldon and Hawkeſbury, ſpoke at conſiderable length againſt the bill; after which a diviſion took place; when there were, contents 43—non contents 18—majority 25.—The bill was then read a third time and paſſed.

The ſlave importation bill was read a third time, and ordered back to the commons.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY, *May* 5.

THE West India indemnity bill was read a third time and paſſed.

In a committee of ways and means, on the exportation of iron, it was reſolved, that the export duty be raiſed from one to three per cent. and that a countervailing duty be impoſed on all iron exported from Ireland.

6.] Mr. Windham moved the order of the day for a committee on the bill for repealing the additional force act.

Mr. Johnſtone oppoſed the ſpeaker's leaving the chair; as the plan now ſubmitted could not poſſibly repair the injury which the repeal of the preſent act would produce: in ſhort, he conſidered the project of mr. Windham as wholly inadequate.

General Graham ſupported the plan of limited ſervice; and contended that it was a practice which generally prevailed on the continent; and that in France, in particular, a ſoldier could not get married without a *congee* of eight years' ſervice to entitle him to the notice of his miſtreſs.

Lord Caſtlereagh wiſhed miniſters to abſtain from puſhing the repeal too far, and to reflect upon the high reſponſibility which would attach to them, ſhould any bad conſequence refult from ſuch a ſtep; particularly after they had been ſo repeatedly cautioned to deſiſt. He then went into a long calculation of the number of men raiſed under the army of reſerve and the additional force acts. Theſe, he obſerved, on a comparative view, at the end of the preſent year, would have a deficit of 25,000 men; to which were to be added the uſual caſualties, amounting to about 15,000. Mr. Windham, he ſaid, now propoſed to diſband nine veteran battalions, about 6000 men; and the militia was to go to waſte, which could not be eſtimated at leſs than 32,000 men, excluſive of the militia of Scotland; of courſe it followed, that 40,000 recruits muſt be found for the regular army for the ſervice of next year.—Theſe facts, he truſted, would induce the houſe ſeriouſly to pauſe before they repealed the additional force act. He then detailed the monthly produce of the additional force act, and deſcanted upon its growing importance; inferring the danger and impolicy of its repeal at the preſent time.

Lord H. Petty replied, in a ſpeech of great length to the arguments againſt the bill; in the courſe of which he obſerved, that the meaſure before the houſe, did not effect either Ireland or Scotland, but ſolely England; and he contended, that the repeal of the additional force act was founded upon the complete failure of all the objects that it had in view. He then proceeded to read a counter-ſtatement to that ſubmitted by lord Caſtlereagh, comprehending the men raiſed in England only, arguing that it was unfair to ſtate the aggregate numbers for the empire. He went on to notice the enormous penalties with which the country was charged through the failure of the bill, and concluded by giving the motion his warmeſt ſupport.

Mr. Babington and col. Bagwell ſupported the repeal bill; and mentioned inſtances in which the principles of the additional force act had been groſsly violated.

Mr. Lee followed on the ſame grounds; and obſerved, that though the papers on the table made it appear that 150 men had been raiſed in the county of Cork, in fact not a ſingle man had been obtained. The ſame obſervation applied to Galway, Down, and Waterford; the latter place had not raiſed two men. The ſame ill ſucceſs had attended the operation of the bill in ſeveral counties in England. In Yorkſhire, inſtead of its producing 5674, only 470 were to be obtained.

Mr. Perceval took a comparative view of the two bills; and contended that the one propoſed to be repealed had produced laſt year 9000 men in aid of the regular army: he added, that the ſyſtem of limited ſervice would be the ruin of the artillery; as men in that ſervice were not good ſoldiers in leſs than ſeven years. The annual waſte of the army, by caſualties, was reckoned at 15,000. On the other ſide, the ge-

neral

neral recruiting ſervice produced, on an average, 11,000 every year; and the bill that it was now propoſedto repeal, produced, at the loweſt calculation, 9000, which left a regular increaſe to the army of 5000 annually. The plan, however, which was propoſed in place of this ſyſtem, was one that did not promiſe any increaſe at all. He proceeded at much length to point out the inefficacy of the propoſed meaſure; and inſiſted that the preſent act would be much more efficient.

Mr. Fox ſaid, he wiſhed the bill to be repealed, becauſe he was convinced that it had done much miſchief. Many, however, who ſupported the bill, diſapproved of the only part of it that made it in any degree operative. They profeſſed to be enemies to the double bounties; and yet, if they were to be taken away, how was it to be ſuppoſed that a ſingle recruit could be got for the regular army; they agreed, that although for eighteen months nobody could underſtand the bill, yet now it was grown quite intelligible, and therefore would be productive. As to diſcouraging the volunteers, or diſſolving them, he did not ſee how the difference between the June allowance and the Auguſt could produce that effect. He repeated the ſtatements on recruiting which were made on a former occaſion, to ſhew that there was a deficiency of nearly 1000 men between the number raiſed in the firſt three months of laſt year, and the ſame period of the preſent; and as to the ſyſtem of limited ſervice, he was perfectly convinced that it was a meaſure of ſafety.

Mr. Canning replied in ſtrong terms to the remarks of mr. Fox. He was followed by the

Lord advocate of Scotland, who ſaid, that in his country the bill had ſcarcely produced a man; and that it was deſtructive of recruiting for the regular army.

At one in the morning a diviſion was called for, but none took place.

7.] After ſome diſcuſſion on the Iriſh ways and means, the ſecretary at war brought up the army eſtimates, for a month only; as the mutiny bill will expire on the 24th inſtant, and then it will be neceſſary to introduce another, founded on eſtimates for another month, till the new military meaſures propoſed to the houſe ſhall be adopted. The eſtimates were laid on the table.

Lord H. Petty informed the houſe, that arrangements were making to recover the very large balance due from the barrack department to the public.

A clauſe was introduced in the additional force repeal bill, to prevent the penalties which are due under the act from being enforced, and to cauſe thoſe which have been paid to be refunded.

8.] After ſome routine buſineſs had been diſpoſed of,

Sir J. Newport, in the committee of ways and means, opened the

ANNUAL BUDGET FOR IRELAND.

He was ſorry that he could not congratulate his country on the flouriſhing ſtate of the Iriſh revenue; but the deficiency was owing, in a great meaſure, to the want of arrangements ſimilar to thoſe which exiſted in Great Britain. Thoſe arrangements, it was the intention of the Iriſh government to introduce. The official value of the exports for the laſt year, was 5,202,000l. which was greater than it had been any year ſince 1792; and from the increaſed price of the articles of export ſince that time, he was convinced that the real value of the exports was at leaſt equal to what it had been in that year, which was conſidered as the moſt favourable to the trade of Ireland. The export of linen alſo was not inferior laſt year to what it had been at that period. There were, however, ſome ſure ſymptoms of the returning proſperity of Ireland. The firſt was the exchange; which had kept at a rate more ſteadily low, for the laſt four months, than it had done for ſeveral preceding years. He alſo adverted to the moderate terms on which the Iriſh loan had been contracted for, and ſhowed that the difference in favour of the public between thoſe of the laſt and the preſent year, was 15s. 1d. per cent. The ſupply for the year, including Ireland's proportion of the joint charge

ges of the empire, would be 8,175,197l. and to cover that supply, the ways and means would amount to 9,180,200l.—Toward these, must be reckoned a sum of 139,000l. in the hands of the collectors, 140,000l. of which had been paid in advance to the ordnance, and which would be repaid; 109,000l. as the share of the profits of a lottery; and 127,450l. which was the share that Ireland was entitled to of that million which his majesty had given from the amount of prizes, to alleviate the burdens of his people. He also proposed to raise 500,000l. by treasury bills.—The product of the revenue of Ireland, for the year ending Jan. 1806, was 3,520,000l. This sum it was his intention to increase to 3,800,000l. The new taxes were such as would not be burthensome on the poorer classes; the first was a tax of 3s. 6d. per cwt. on brown sugar; which on 442,000 cwt. would produce 64,000l. or, to take it in round numbers, 60,000l. The present duty on unwrought iron was 12s. a ton; instead of this, he should propose a duty of 2s. per hundred on all Russian and Swedish iron. This would be both an increase to the revenue, and would be giving a preference to British iron. Also a tax of 20 per cent. on tea of a lesser value than 2s. 6d. per lb. The object of this was, to prevent frauds on the revenue, and to keep up the duties which had been laid on teas of a higher price. Next was an entire new arrangement of the stamp duties; and he looked to an increase of revenue as much from the arrangement, as from the additional duties that he should propose. In law proceedings, at present, the attornies charged for stamp duties to processes where no stamp was put; this money should go into the public purse. He also meant to subject attornies to a duty of 1l. if they had not practised three years, and 3l. if they had practised more than that time. On probates of wills, where the property exceeded 3,500l. was to be a duty of two per cent. On mortgages, when exceeding the sum of 500l. a duty equal to the British. On deeds of sale, a stamp duty of 10s.—Stamps on receipts of legacies exceeding 500l. and a stamp of 6d. on every entry or discharge of goods imported, where the duty amounted to 5l. He next proceeded to the consideration of the distilleries, and stated that he should move for the taking off 8 per cent. on the bounty of the large stills, and the whole bounty on stills of 500 gallons. This regulation would produce at least 70,000l. annually. Also a new arrangement in the collection of the malt duties, which would gain 60,000l. He then dwelt for a considerable time on the balances which had remained in the hands of the deceased or discharged collectors. Instead of being reduced in the course of the last year, they had increased from 138,000l. to 220,000l. In many cases both the collectors and their sureties were dead, and there was no means of recovering those balances; but he believed that a sum of 130,000l. was recoverable. After a few general observations on the improving prosperity of Ireland, he concluded by moving his first resolution, 'that a supply of 2,000,000l. be granted to his majesty.'

Mr. Foster suggested, that as all the new taxes were only designed to pay the interest of the loan, some means should be taken for raising a greater portion of the supplies within the year; as the debt of Ireland had increased from 32,000,000l. which it was at the time of the union, to 64,000,000l. He also objected to increasing the debt of Ireland to so great an amount, on the ground of its depriving that country of such large sums in the payment of interest. He computed, that it paid to Great Britain, as interest on debt, the sum of 2,000,000l. annually, beside the drains which absentees occasioned. He likewise suggested, that the exchange of Ireland should be placed on a more regular footing; which would be a certain way of increasing the prosperity of that country, to which event he looked forward with confidence. The committee were afterwards occupied for a considerable time in discussing the items of the budget; and sir J. Newport's resolutions were then carried.

Lord

Lord H. Petty moved for a committee on the property tax bill; on which

Mr. W. Smith ſaid, that the bill was ſtill extremely oppreſſive. He objected particularly to the diſcloſures which it enforced; and to charging the ſame rate of taxation upon incomes that were but temporary, as upon thoſe that were permanent. His next objection was to the immenſe number of officers employed in the aſſeſſment and collection of this tax; men who were certainly the aſſeſſors and collectors of all other taxes, who might, with their employers, bear the reputation of very active and ſedulous men in the diſcharge of their duty; but whoſe activity, he was ſorry to ſay, conſiſted moſt frequently in being extremely troubleſome and ſevere upon thoſe committed to their official attention. He concluded with repeating, that his grand object was to the unjuſt principle of taxing all incomes alike.

Sir R. Buxton and ſir H. Mildmay ſeverally objected to the bill upon nearly the ſame principles.

Mr. Perceval ſupported the bill, from a conviction of its being the beſt mode of taxation,—and after a few words from lord H. Petty and mr. Elliſon in favour of the bill, and from meſſrs. S Stanhope, Wilberforce, and Roſe, againſt the impoſition of a tax on ſmall incomes, the bill was read a ſecond time.

9.] The ſupplies for the army were voted for one month.

The additional force repeal bill was ordered to be engroſſed, and read a third time on Tueſday.

On the queſtion for a committee on the pig iron duty bill,

Mr. Curwen took a general view of the effects which it would have of increaſing the price of various articles in which iron is uſed, particularly ſhipbuilding. To the expenſe of iron-railways it was computed this tax would add 500l. per mile; its effect upon coals, in conſequence of the quantity of iron uſed in mining and carriage, would be 1s. per chaldron; and it would increaſe the farmer's expenſes at the rate of 12s. for every horſe.

Mr. S. Wortley followed on the ſame grounds: as did meſſrs. Mordaunt, Laſcelles, Wilberforce, Francis, Canning, Roſe, and lord A. Hamilton, each of whom mentioned various ways in which this tax would fall heavy on the public at large. Mr. W. in particular obſerved, that though it would not produce to the treaſury more than 200,000l. yet a tax of nearly a million would be levied by it on the public.

Lord H. Petty ſupported the tax on the ground, that of a choice of evils, this was better than any other.

Mr. Fox ſaid, that he did not approve of the principle of this or any other tax that had been levied for theſe 30 years; but the tax on iron he did not conceive to be ſo injurious as had been repreſented.—The houſe then divided—For the motion 119—Againſt it 101—Majority 18.

12.] Mr. H. Martin took the oaths and his ſeat for Kinſale.

Mr. Johnſtone begged to be informed, whether the report was true, of government having received advice of a peace having been concluded with Scindia? to which

Mr. Creevey anſwered, that though the diſpatches did not confirm that event, yet it was extremely probable.

Lord H. Petty brought down a meſſage from his majeſty, reſpecting the proviſion to be made for the family of earl Nelſon. The meſſage requeſted the houſe to take into its conſideration the beſt means of enabling his majeſty to ſettle an annuity of 5000l. on earl Nelſon during his life, and alſo for enabling his majeſty to iſſue 120,000l. for the purchaſe of a houſe and lands, to be annexed to the dignity of the family of Nelſon.

In a committee on the property bill, a long converſation enſued on the different clauſes in ſucceſſion as they were read.

They were ſupported by mr. Leigh, mr. Vanſittart, ſir H. Mildmay, mr. Robſon, mr. Fuller, and other gentlemen.

In

In the further conſideration of the bill in the committee, a clauſe was propoſed by mr. Baſtard, containing an exemption in favour of perſons holding certain manorial rights. It was rejected in a diviſion by 110 to 10.

Mr. Buxton propoſed an exemption of 8l. per cent. on dwelling houſes, and 5l. per cent. on farm-houſes, in conſideration of repairs. After a long diſcuſſion, it was negatived by 129 to 51.

Mr. Francis propoſed an amendment, to the effect of rendering the tax on profits ariſing on exchequer bills payable in the ſame manner as that on funded property. He, however, declined preſſing it to a diviſion, from an underſtanding with lord H. Petty, that it was to become the ſubject of future conſideration.

The next clauſe which excited arduous diſcuſſion, was that of exempting from the tax the property of foreigners in the funds. This produced a debate of much length; but the original clauſe was carried without a diviſion.

13.] On the order of the day for the third reading of the additional force repeal bill,

Sir J. Pulteney repeated his former objections to the meaſure, inſiſting that its operations would not be felt in leſs than ſeven years; and he blamed the practice of recruiting for a limited ſervice as a dangerous innovation.

General Loftus approved of the bill, on the ground that it would prevent the numerous deſertions which had lately taken place; though he could not but condemn the intention of limited recruiting.

Mr. Yorke cenſured the delay which had taken place on the ſubject of the bill; and contended that it went to deſtroy the great reſource, the raiſing of men by ballot. He then recapitulated the numbers raiſed under the additional force act; dwelt with conſiderable force on the impropriety of throwing aſide ſo productive an act; and concluded by oppoſing the farther progreſs of the bill.

Mr. Windham went at ſome length into a vindication of his bill, and repeated his former arguments in its favour; after which it was read a third time.

In a committee on his majeſty's meſſage, relative to earl Nelſon's annuity, an addreſs was ordered in anſwer to the meſſage.

Mr. Roſe wiſhed to know how the 120,000l. was intended to be applied?

Lord H. Petty replied, that it was in contemplation to appropriate 90,000l. for the purchaſe of an eſtate and a houſe; to reſerve 10,000l, for ſuch repairs as might be neceſſary; and to beſtow 10,000l. on each of the ſiſters of his lordſhip.

Mr. Francis expreſſed his opinion, that the arrangement was too extravagant for the preſent ſituation of the country; adding, that it was more than had been done for the great duke of Marlborough.

14.] In a committee of ſupply, 10,000l. were granted to the governors of Bethlem hoſpital,

CONDUCT OF THE EARL OF ST. VINCENT.

Mr. Jeffery prefaced his motion by obſerving, that he had originally entered upon this buſineſs without previous conſultation; but he had been impelled to it by the lofty eulogiums which had been paſſed on that nobleman by his partial friends: at firſt he was not aware of the magnitude of his taſk; but now, he could only regret that it had not fallen into abler hands. He took a view of the ſtate of the navy during the late war; and contended that the ſhips which were built during his lordſhip's adminiſtration, were by no means equal to the annual deſtruction. As to the ſpeculation of building fifty ſail of the line in the king's yards annually, he wiſhed he could ſee it; but he believed it to be impracticable. The earl not only neglected the uſual means, but all other modes; for he actually launched only ten ſhips of the line; three of the ſix in the king's, and ſeven of thoſe in the merchant's yards, were completed without his aſſiſtance. Of the three that he launched from the king's yards,

one

one was nine-tenths, another three-fourths, and the third, four-tenths, completed by his predeceſſors, and the laſt of them launched in May 1804. Though his predeceſſors left him 15 ſhips building, his lordſhip had only left to his ſucceſſors nine in that ſtate, and theſe requiring three years to finiſh them. Not half had been done which his predeceſſors had accompliſhed in a ſimilar period; and had he continued the whole average number of his predeceſſors, it would not have been equal to what the ſituation of the country required, and the impaired ſtate of the navy. He condemned the earl's conduct reſpecting the building in merchants' yards, as capricious and dangerous: he had alſo, at a time of neceſſity, wantonly diſcharged workmen, many of whom, he aſſerted, had gone to the enemy's yards; and by his illiberal conduct he had diſguſted every body, at a period when the navy was running to deſtruction. The hon. member then read ſeveral letters from the docks, deſcribing the ſad want of timber under which they laboured, within a few weeks of the iſſue of preſs-warrants. He flattered himſelf that he had proved what he undertook, and had ſhown inſtances of ſhameful neglect. Was this the way to ſerve the navy! He ſhould look at ſome of the conſequences. By refuſing the tenders, we have been compelled to loſe 200,000l. in the neceſſity of giving 36l. per ton for ten ſhips, which we could then have had ſo much cheaper, and thoſe veſſels too might have been now in a ſtate of great forwardneſs. The late victories of lord Nelſon, ſir R. Strachan, and ſir J. Duckworth, were, he concluded, all due to the exertions of lords Barham and Melville. He next touched on the repairs which, in October 1801, were required by 120 ſhips; but he aſſerted that, according to the ſyſtem upon which repairing was then conducted, they would have taken 20 years to be got ready; and added, that though the earl found 102 ſail of the line when he came into office, he was not entitled to the exceſs of 22 over that number; as he left only 88 when he reſigned. He threw upon his lordſhip all the blame of deficiency of timber; contended that, under his adminiſtration, the Britiſh navy was verging faſt towards ruin; and deprecated the preſent great appointment of his lordſhip, as one which he had by no means merited. He concluded by recapitulating his charges, and moving a reſolution, 'That his lordſhip had been guilty of groſs negligence, miſconduct, and dereliction of duty.'

Mr. Dent ſeconded the motion; but merely that the queſtion might be put, as he was convinced that in a committee the conduct of the earl would be fully vindicated.

After ſome remarks to the ſpeaker and lord Howick on the unparliamentary manner in which mr. Jeffery had proceeded, he having read his ſpeech from a manuſcript,

Admiral Markham entered upon a refutation of the various ſtatements of the mover. He obſerved, that the number of ſhips of the line built in the eight years preceding lord St. Vincent's adminiſtration would be 24: and comparing with that the period of that lord's adminiſtration, from his acceſſion to office in March 1801, to his departure in May 1804, the total number was ten in a period of little better than three years; which ſo far proved no deficiency. It alſo appeared, that when he came into office, he found upon the ſlips building but 16 ſail of the line; whereas on his departure from office, he left 18 in forwardneſs upon the ſtocks. Beſides which he added, that the admiralty had nothing to do with the bnilding of ſhips. The earl, who had done his part in ordering the building, was not to blame for tardineſs in the execution. The Ocean, the Impregnable, and many other ſhips of the line, had been many years in building. The Caledonia was ordered to be laid down in 1795, and for the building of which 1000l. was voted that year; 1000l. in 1796; 1000l. in 1797; 40,000l. in 1804; and 10,000l. in 1805; yet her frame was not ſet up till that year, by 30 men and ſix boys; and the calculation was, that it would take

take 90 men to complete her for launching in nine months. He inſiſted that the earl was entitled to great credit for many parts of his conduct while in office, particularly his arrangements for providing what the country then wanted more than ſhips, namely, ſeamen to man the channel fleet. For this purpoſe, he had taken the men out of the firſt-rates and frigates, and thereby effected a purpoſe ſo eſſential to the ſafety of the country; ſo that at the end of an eight years war, he was thereby enabled to man 20 additional ſail of the line; while he increaſed the number of frigates from 183 to 195, and the total of the navy from 295 to 371. With reſpect to the breaking up of ſhips, he added, that this was done in purſuance of the directions of the navy board; and in the ſmall craft certainly great diminution took place, and a vaſt number of rotten old tubs had been got rid of, that were uſeleſs and not worth repairs; they were turned into money, the expenſe of ſhip-keeping ſaved, and the warrant-officers, who would have been occupied uſeleſsly in that way, turned over to new ſhips that were building, as a proviſion for them. He proceeded to ſhow, from a variety of examples, the enormous prices charged at the merchants' yards, upon no leſs than 18 ſail of ſhips, repaired in 10 years from 1783 to 1792, as a fair criterion to judge of the policy of employing them. In one ſhip the charge for repairs was 12,392l., when the charge for building her new at the ſame time would have been only 7,943l.; the other inſtances were equally ſtriking. As to the dock yards, he inſiſted that the papers on the table proved, that not a man was diſmiſſed capable of doing duty; many of the men, who had long received the higheſt wages in the dock-yards, were actually blind, and others lame, diſabled, and moving on crutches: thoſe, to the amount of 347 men, to whom, in the year 1800, 28,024l. wages were paid, were ſuperannuated by lord St. Vincent. At Plymouth, 76 were diſcharged, of a ſimilar deſcription, to whom, in 1800 and 1801, 10,943l. wages was paid.—Now, ſome of thoſe were put on allowance greater than uſual, amounting to 4,529l., and others ſuperannuated, upon allowances to the amount of 2,264l. 11s. The uſual allowance of 20l. per annum, had, in thoſe caſes, been increaſed to 24l.; and the allowance of 24l. to 28l.; while to the rope-makers, and others diſcharged, to whom no ſuch allowance had ever been uſual, 20l. a year had been allowed. He next combated the aſſertion, that no credit was due to earl St. Vincent for the late victories; as it was a fact, that lord Nelſon, ſir J. Duckworth, and ſir R. Strachan, had all been ſelected by him for principal commands. With reſpect to the appointment of a maſter-builder, he ſtated the conſequence to be, that the expedition ſecured by this arrangement, reduced to certainty the building within one year, with the number of artificers now in the yards, 55 ſail of the line; for the maſter builder had pledged himſelf to launch the Caledonia and Union, two firſt rates, now with their frames upon the ſlips, which were about 1-4th part done, in nine months more, with the work of 90 men each; or, if to be allowed time for ſeaſoning, then in two years from their commencement. He adduced a number of other proofs in ſupport of theſe propoſitions, and ſaid, that this new builder had ſo arranged the order of working, by diſtributing the artificers, as to engage to keep the whole channel fleet in repair, and build two ſhips of the line every year beſide. He proceeded to inſtance many of the frauds which had been committed by contracting builders: and concluded, with hoping that he had vindicated the earl from the aſperſions that had been caſt on him.

Lord Garlies ſpoke in praiſe of the conduct of earl St. Vincent.

Lord Howick went over the ſame grounds as admiral Markham; and ſtated, that among the advantages of his lordſhip's adminiſtration, he had formed a plan for procuring a ſupply of timber from Dalmatia, and 40,000 trees had actually been felled in that country;

country; but they had now fallen into the poſſeſſion of the enemy.

Meſſrs. Fox, Markham, and Bankes, ſeverally ſpoke againſt the motion, and praiſed the conduct of earl St. Vincent; and mr. Jeffery's motion was negatived without a diviſion.

Mr. Fox afterwards declared, that from a conviction of the charge being frivolous and groundleſs, he ſhould move, 'That it appears to this houſe, that the conduct of the earl of St. Vincent, in his late naval adminiſtration, has given an additional luſtre to his exalted character, and merits the approbation of the houſe.'

Meſſrs. Yorke, S. Bourne, and Tierney, ſupported this motion; and meſſrs. Wilberforce, Bankes, Percival, and Canning, oppoſed it, on the ground of no notice having been given.—Mr. Fox's motion was agreed to without a diviſion.

15.] The mutiny, Iriſh loan, and Iriſh treaſury bills' bills were paſſed.

A long debate enſued on different clauſes in the property tax, particularly that exacting a pittance from the precarious incomes of labouring perſons; in which meſſrs. Francis and W. Smith made ſtrong appeals to the feelings of the houſe.

A ſubſequent diſcuſſion took place on an amendment propoſed by mr. Wilberforce, for exempting from the tax on profeſſional incomes, ſo much of their amount as ſhall be paid in life-aſſurances for the proviſion of wives or children after the death of the party. It was ſupported by mr. Babington and mr. S Smith, but oppoſed by mr. Vanſittart, and negatived without a diviſion.

Several additional clauſes were propoſed by mr. Vanſittart, and particularly one for ſubjecting to the tax on all exchequer bills, and other unfunded ſtock, the intereſt of which is paid out of the revenue, to commence from the 10th of October; which, after a ſuggeſtion from alderman Curtis, that the tax ſhould commence on the 5th of July, was ſettled as for the former day.

16.] The Iriſh bank annuity bill was read a third time and paſſed.

Mr. Robſon brought forward his motion reſpecting the immenſe ſums of money expended for barracks, and which, laſt year alone, amounted to upwards of 2,300,000l. He congratulated the houſe upon the ſyſtem of inquiry which was now going forward; and moved for 'A liſt of ſuch barns as had been occupied as barracks, for the ſervice of government, in the diſtrict of Sandown, with the dates at which they were reſpectively taken, and the weekly or annual rent from the time they were ſo taken'

Lord H. Petty obſerved, that the motion was unneceſſary, as another arrangement, which compriſed the barrack department, had already taken place; to this mr. Robſon replied with much warmth; and accuſed miniſters of a wiſh to prevent a proper inquiry into ſo criminal a miſapplication of the public money.

His motion was at length put and carried; but a variety of other motions by mr. R. on the ſame ſubject were got rid of by the previous queſtion.

17.] A meſſage from the lords informed the houſe that their lordſhips had agreed to the ſlave bill.

Bills to regulate the offices of the receiver general of the exciſe, and poſt offices, were brought in, read a firſt, and ordered to be read a ſecond time on Monday, and printed.

The franking bill was read a third time and paſſed.

Adjourned to Monday.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

Anacreontic.

COME reach me old Anacreon's lyre,
For wint'ry ſnows are lowering near,
And ſoon ſhall chill th' autumnal fire
That gleams on life's declining year.

Then let me wake the rapturous ſhell,
With cords of ſweet remembrance ſtrung;
While grateful Age delights to tell
Of joys that glow'd when life was young.

And, left the languid praise forego
The throb that Fancy's flight inspires,
Anacreon's flowing cup bestow,
And urge with wine the waning fires.

But *temper* me the Teian bowl!
And *chasten* me the Teian shell!
The visions that in memory roll
Are such as Nature's bosom swell.

Yet, Nature!—thine the votive string,
To no polluted ear address't;
That of no blooming boys can sing,
But boys that hang on Beauty's breast.

Nor lawless through the realms of love,
Where native Venus lights the way,
Shall yet excursive Fancy rove,
Inebriate with the wanton lay.

If, while the mantling goblet flows,
I sing of Beauty's charms divine;
The breast that heaves, the cheek that glows,
And beaming eyes, like stars that shine:—

The draft of Memory's tablet true
That pictures each entrancing grace,
Without a frown shall Stella view,
Or there some lov'd memorial trace.

And when with high enraptur'd air
My lavish verse shall most commend,
She'll find her youthful image there,
Or in each portrait own a friend.

Then reach me old Anacreon's lyre,
And temper me Anacreon's bowl;
That youthful joy's remember'd fire
May Age's numbing frost control.

London. J. THELWALL.

On a Gentleman accompanying himself on the Violin.

IN ancient Greece, when Orpheus sung,
The poet's soft melodious tongue,
And sounding lyre, with magic art,
To rugged *rocks* could life impart;
But had he seen the present day,
Had he but heard *thee sing* and *play*,
Thy vile *grimace*, thy croaking *tone*,
Had turn'd poor Orpheus into *stone*.

R. H. B.

Autumn.

WHILST Spring's young verdure and unnumber'd sweets,
And brightly-beaming Summer's radiant hour,
Call forth th' enamour'd strain
Of many a poet's praise.

Be thou, bright Autumn, my selected theme,
And, fav'ring the attempt of Fancy, pour,
Profuse as o'er the world,
Thy richness through my song.

So may I tell of thy maturer charms,
Of hope and expectation realized
By all the varied fruits
Thy golden season gives.

The blossom that perfumes the gale of Spring,
And rears in youthful loveliness its head,
Can captivate the sight,
And please the scent alone;

But 'tis for thy maturing hand to give
The added charms of savour and of use,
And bid the senses join
In one united feast.

To these unfavour'd regions of the north,
E'en here thy rich munificence extends,
And cultur'd gardens teem
With all thy choicest store;

But chief, spread far o'er France's fertile fields,
And fair India's deeply-verdant hills,
Fann'd by the southern breeze
That cheers those happier climes,

Thy goodness, in a boundless vintage pour'd,
Bids pleasure reign in many a peasant's heart,
And fills the cup that cheers
The vineyard's festive groupe.

Nor less, fair season, do thy beauties please
The eye of Taste, as o'er thy varied mass
Of meeting light and shade
It casts a painter's glance;

Admires thy sun-set's deeply blushing tint,
Or, chang'd its palely-beaming silver hue,
The moonlight's golden gleam
On yellow foliage fall.

Ah! still, bright Autumn, let me stray among
Thy shades, ere yet the hand of Winter sweep
The last discolour'd leaf
That lingers in the woods.

Ere yet thy lessen'd twilight is no more,
And wintry darkness, with obscuring sway,
Usurp thy milder reign
Along the ev'ning sky,

Still let me breathe the softness of the air,
Nor, looking on the ocean's peaceful plain,
Anticipate the storm
That soon must riot there.

For much beloved is the changing scene
Thy hour exhibits, and in sad delight
I gaze upon thy charms,
And sigh to see them fade.

Nor are thy beauties felt by me alone,
For many a glowing heart, in many a land,
Shall annually tell
The story of thy praise.

A STRANGER.

The Tear.

WHAT pow'r ordain'd the lucid tear,
Emerging from its secret cell,
Far more persuasive to appear
Than all the babbling tongue can tell?

It

It surely is some heav'nly pow'r
That bids these precious waters start:
To speak, in sorrow's silent hour,
The real language of the heart.

Forgot by friends, by fortune cross'd,
The sport of treachery or care,
Blest is the wretch, tho' tempest-tost'd,
Who vents his anguish in a tear.

When, list'ning to the plaint of woe,
Distrust had check'd the lib'ral deed,
A tear has made that bounty flow
From them, whose wants that bounty need.

When penitence would plead sincere;
When error seeks the guiding ray:
Go to the altar with a tear,
And it will wash thy fault away.

Plymouth. J. NORRINGTON.

Lines to an unhappy seduced Female.

'——————She believ'd him.
'He was false, and she undone.'

UNHAPPY fair! by treach'rous man betray'd,
Must then thy hopes thus all untimely fade?
O could I give but comfort to thy soul,
Share in thy grief, or ease thee of the whole!
Despair and shame, which now alternate rise,
Blast ev'ry hope, and rob thee of thy joys:
O let it ever be the muse's care
To shield from envy's rage the injur'd fair;
To draw a veil o'er faults she can't defend,
And to her troubled heart a solace lend.
Or grant, kind Heav'n, she may not long remain
In life like this of wretchedness and pain;
But may those pangs subside within her breast,
And guardian angels bear her soul to rest!

June 23, 1806. S. Y.

For the Hibernian Magazine.

To Mr. L——ch. Occasioned by his beautiful Elegy on the late Miss C—b—tt, of Patrick-street, Limerick.

'QUEM dolere pudeat.
'Quis luctui modum puter adhibendum,
'Amissâ nostrâ tam charâ
'Neriss?
'O Melpomene! lugubris cantûs Dea,
'Præcipe modum lugendi tam delectum caput.
'Ergo sempiternus Neriss in somnus occupat?—
'Cui pietas, venustas, Gratiæque,
'Quando illam invenient parem?'

ELEGY.

In strains like yours the *Thracian poet* tried,
From death's dark mansions to recall his bride.
So soft his grief,—so moving were his sighs;—
They drew ev'n tears from *Proserpina*'s eyes.
With such sweet energy he sung his woe,
Inexorable *Pluto* felt it too;
And (sympathising in his misery)
Was forc'd to weep, and loose *Eurydice*.—
Of *Orpheus*' voice such was th' enchanting force:
And such is, *Lynch*, the magic pow'r of yours!
Your loss as great as that for which he sigh'd,
(For friend is sure as dear a name as bride!)
Your equal grief, your equal art to charm,
Might *Pluto*'s breast with the same pity warm.
Haste then, with your harmonious lyre, descend;
And charm back from the shade our common friend.
But no, ah! thither venture not to go,
Lest the grim monarch of the realms below,
Pleas'd with your warbling voice and tuneful string,
Detain you likewise there to hear you sing.

FIDELIO.

For the Hibernian Magazine.

Lines on the lovely-blooming Miss C—s—n, of Prussia-street.

Neget quis carmina Veneri?

WHEN C—s—n first in Dublin walks I view'd,
Her matchless charms my rapture'd soul subdued.
Amidst a train of loveliest feasts survey'd,
She seem'd the loveliest Venus of the shade.—
Coud I, dear nymph! in just proportion trace
Thy form divine, and equal ev'ry grace,
Thy features in their true perfection show,
Brisk eyes, jett hair, and neck like purest snow,
Thy fine turn'd brow, thy sweetly-rising cheek
And bosom, where a thousand Cupids nest;
My verse with love should ev'ry reader warm,
Melt like thy looks, and like thy motion charm!
But oh! the finish'd copy to impart,
Would foil the painter's like the poet's art.
Her beauties no resemblance will admit,
A *Juno*'s mien with a *Minerva*'s wit.
Each single charm might admiration claim,
United—who can 'scape the amorous flame?
Yet to *Sophia* gentlest airs belong,
Chaste as *Diana* 'midst her virgin throng.

Turn thoughtless gazer, turn thy vent'rous eyes;
The rash *Actæon* that beholds her—dies!—

Limerick, 1806. M—L D—D.

State of Public Affairs.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A NEGOTIATION for peace, has been commenced between mr. Fox and prince Talleyrand, which has had considerable effect on the funds both in London and Paris. The people of England, in general, view the negotiation with indifference, because they do not, at the present moment, expect concessions from the French emperor, intoxicated as he is by the overthrow of the powers on the continent; and governing the ocean as they do, they are not prepared to make concessions to him, whom they despise both from the man-

ner

ner in which he obtained his power, and the way in which he has abuſed it.

The earl of Caledon has been appointed governor, and commander in chief of the Cape of Good Hope, with its territories and dependencies.

Captain Prowſe, of the Sirius, on the 17th of April defeated a French convoy off the Tiber, under circumſtances which add new laurels to our navy. He deſcribes the action in the following terms:

'*Sirius, Malta, 27th April.*

'Being ſix or ſeven leagues to the eaſtward of Civita Vecchia, on the 17th inſtant, at two P. M. I gained intelligence that a French force was to have ſailed that morning from thence, and were to proceed to Naples. I crowded a preſs of ſail in the ſame direction; and at a quarter paſt four they were ſeen from the maſt-head near ſhore. On cloſing with them juſt after ſun-ſet, I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing one ſhip, three brigs (corvettes), and five heavy gun-veſſels, formed in compact order of battle, within two leagues of the mouth of the Tiber, and near a dangerous ſhoal, lying to, with reſolution to await our attack. At ſeven, within piſtol ſhot, commenced firing with vigour from both ſides, and continued cloſely engaged with the ſquadron for two hours, when the commodore, in the ſhip, hailed 'he had ſurrendered.' His gallant and determined reſiſtance, together with the dangers of the ſhore, and crippled condition of his majeſty's ſhip, (the ſmoothneſs of the water admitting the enemy to uſe their guns with the greateſt effect) prevented me from purſuing the remainder of the flotilla, although ſeveral were much diſabled, and compelled, a ſhort time before the ſhip ſtruck, to ceaſe firing and make off. Had it been day-light, I have no doubt, from the firm and gallant conduct evinced by the officers and ſhip's company, that we ſhould have ſucceeded in capturing more of the enemy's veſſels. I have deeply to lament the loſs of my nephew, the only officer, and eight ſeamen and marines, killed in the above conteſt, and three officers and ſeventeen ſeamen and marines wounded, nine of whom are in a very dangerous ſtate. The ſhip captured is called Le Bergere; mounts eighteen long twelve-pounders, manned with one hundred and eighty-nine men, and was commanded by Chaney Duolvis, captain of a frigate, and commodore of the flotilla, and belonging to the legion of honour. She is a remarkable fine veſſel, ſails well, and is fit for his majeſty's ſervice. I beg particularly to recommend to your lordſhip's notice, lieutenant William Hepenſtall, who was the ſenior lieutenant in the action of the 22d July and 21ſt October, and who has been in the ſhip nearly five years, as an officer deſerving of promotion.—The gallantry and good conduct of the other officers, and ſhip's company likewiſe deſerve my warmeſt acknowledgments.'

On the 4th of May, about one A. M. the boats of the Renommée and Nautilus, under the direction of lieutenant ſir William Parker, of the former ſhip, gallantly boarded, carried, and brought out from under the fire of the guns of the town and Torre de Viega, near Cape Palos, and alſo from under the fire of more than one hundred muſketeers, his catholic majeſty's ſchooner Gigauta, of nine guns, viz, two twenty-four pounders, and three four-pounders, long guns, and four four-pounders, ſwivels, commanded by Alfiere de Navis don Juan de Moire, with a crew of thirty eight men.

The Portugueſe government perſiſt in their unfriendly conduct towards England. A cartel lately arrived in the Tagus, with 187 French priſoners from the Cape. Theſe ruffians roſe upon the guard, on board the cartel, beat them, plundered the ſhip, and made their eſcape in the ſhip's boat.—The guard fired upon them, but without effect. In conſequence of the guards having thus done their duty, the Portugueſe miniſter wrote to lord Strangford, our charge d'affaires, informing him that an embargo had been placed upon the cartel, and that ſhe would not be allowed to quit the port, for having dared to fire upon the

Frenchmen

Frenchmen on neutral ground. Lord Strangford communicated the note to the commanding officer on the ſtation, from whom the particulars have been collected. This makes the ſecond ſhip which the Portugueſe government have thought proper to embargo in the courſe of a very few days, although both of them have been actually employed on important ſervice.

The Fervent gun brig was attacked on the 24th in coming from Tangiers, by ſome of the enemy's gun boats, and was much crippled in her maſts and rigging; one man was killed, and the lieutenant and another wounded; the enemy had ſix killed and twelve wounded.

The lateſt accounts from Cadiz ſtate, that they expect a French army of 60,000 men in Spain this ſummer, and the French agents are now employed in Barbary, procuring cattle for their ſubſiſtence, and horſes to draw their cannon and mount their cavalry. Either Portugal or Gibraltar is their object.

It is ſaid that Bonaparte intends ſhortly to viſit the coaſt, and to eſtabliſh his head-quarters at Boulogne, and perform over again the farce of *preparing* for the invaſion of this country—a ſcheme which is as phyſically impoſſible, while we maintain our naval ſuperiority, as it would be to make a voyage to the moon!

The French tyrant will not withdraw his armies from Germany till he is put in poſſeſſion of the mouths of the Cattaro, which have been ſeized by another power, over whom Auſtria had no controul. Ruſſia, on a principle of humanity, a ſentiment alien to the heart of the Corſican, has conſented to reſtore the poſition to Auſtria: but ſuch are the unavoidable delays, that if the return of the French armies to the left bank of the Rhine is not to take place until intelligence of the actual evacuation of Cattaro, ſhall be received, it is evident that Germany will be condemned for ſome weeks more to groan under the oppreſſion.—Between intentional delays, and the formalities upon which Bonaparte inſiſts, a conſiderable time muſt neceſſarily elapſe before a French garriſon can occupy the poſt.

A letter from Araba, to a merchant in Philadelphia, dated the 3d of May, ſtates, 'The celebrated Miranda, a native of Caraccas, has arrived there with a large American ſhip and two ſchooners, having on board 280 men, deſtined to kindle the torch of revolution upon the continent. They have a conſiderable number of arms and ammunition, ten colonels, and all the officers of a new adminiſtation and municipality.'

A meſſage from the king, recommending to parliament to increaſe the proviſions made for the younger branches of his royal family, has been taken into conſideration; and it has been agreed to, that the incomes of the dukes of Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, Suſſex, Cambridge and Glouceſter, ſhould be augmented from 12,000l. to 18,000l. This increaſe, with that of an additional 1000l. per annum to the princeſs Charlotte of Wales, the five princeſſes, and the princeſs Sophia of Glouceſter, will be an annual addition of 43,000l. to the nation's expenditure.

There are at preſent in commiſſion 730 ſhips of war, (excluſive of cutters, &c. of which 122 are of the line, 15 from 50 to 44 guns, 165 frigates, 181 ſloops, 247 brigs, &c. making a total of 730 veſſels. The ordinary compriſes 24 ſhips of the line; 18 repairing for ſervice, and 24 building.

Orders have been iſſued for aſſembling and immediately embarking the following troops:—the ſecond and third battalions of the firſt brigade of guards, the 14th, 36th, 49th, 52d, 62d, 99th, and eight companies of the 95th regiments of infantry. They are to be accompanied by ſome horſe and foot artillery, ſo that the amount of the expedition will be little ſhort of 12,000 men. It is intended for the defence of Sicily.

It appears by a return from the adjutant-general's office, that the number of effective men in foreign and colonial

colonial corps in the ſervice of Great Britain, is 31,707.

HOLLAND.

On the 24th of June, their majeſties made their ſolemn entrance into the Hague. When the proceſſion reached the palace of their high mightineſſes, their majeſties were received at the door of the anti-chamber by the preſident and two other deputies. Having entered the hall of the aſſembly, the king ſeated himſelf on the throne, and put on his hat. On the right hand ſide and behind his majeſty, ſat the grand chamberlain and the aid-de camp general; on the left the maſter of the horſe, and the grand maſter of the civil liſt. All the other officers of ſtate were ranged in proper ſituations. The members of the aſſembly ſtood up in their places uncovered on the entrance of the king; but when his majeſty covered himſelf they followed his example. The preſident placed himſelf in his chair directly oppoſite the king. After the king was ſeated, he directed the grand maſter of the ceremonies to adminiſter the oaths of allegiance to their high mightineſſes. Each member approached the foot of the throne, and was ſworn on the holy evangeliſts.

Speech of the New King of Holland to their High Mightineſſes.

'*Gentlemen*—When the national deputies came to offer me the throne which I aſcend this day, I accepted it under the conviction that it was the wiſh of the whole nation—that the confidence and neceſſities of all called me to it. Relying on the intelligence, zeal, and patriotiſm of the principal public functionaries, and particularly on your's, gentlemen, the deputies, I have fearleſsly weighed in my mind the misfortunes of the nation in their fulleſt extent. Animated by the ſtrongeſt deſire to promote the welfare of this good people, and entertaining a hope that I ſhould one day attain that end, I ſtifled thoſe ſentiments which, till then, had been ever the object and happineſs of my life. I have conſented to change my country, to ceaſe to be ſolely and entirely a Frenchman, after having paſſed my whole life in performing, to the beſt of my ability, thoſe duties which that name preſcribes to all who have the honour of bearing it. I have conſented to ſeparate myſelf, for the firſt time, from him who, from my infancy, has poſſeſſed my love and admiration—to loſe repoſe and independence which thoſe whom Heaven calls to govern cannot have—to quit him, the ſeparation from whom would fill me with apprehenſion, even in the moſt tranquil times, and whoſe preſence precludes danger, I have conſented to all this—and, gentlemen, had I not done ſo, I would nevertheleſs yet act the ſame part, now that by the ardour, joy and confidence of the people through whoſe country I have paſſed, they have proved to me that you were the true interpreters of the nation, now eſpecially, when I am convinced that I may rely on your zeal, your attachment to the intereſts of your native land, and on your confidence in, and fidelity towards me.

'Gentlemen, this is the firſt day of the real independence of the united provinces. A tranſient glance at paſt ages is ſufficient to convince us, that they never had a ſtable government, a fixed deſtiny, a real independence.—Under that famous people, whom they fought and ſerved by turns, as under the Franks and the empire of the weſt they were neither free nor tranquil.—Neither were they ſo afterwards, when ſubjected to Spain. Their wars and their repeated quarrels until the union, added to the glory of the nation, confirmed its qualities in point of frankneſs, intrepidity, and honour, for which, indeed, it had been always celebrated: but its efforts procured it neither tranquillity nor independence, even under the princes of Orange, who, though they were uſeful to their country, as ſoldiers and ſtateſmen, were always diſturbing it, by pretending, or endeavouring to obtain a power which the nation denied them. Nor could Holland be conſidered in that ſtate in latter times, when the elevation of ideas and the general agitation of Europe

rope so long suspended the repose of nations. After so many vicissitudes, so much agitation, so many calamities, and at the time when the neighbouring states were enlarging themselves, ameliorating and concentrating their governments and their forces, this country could enjoy no real safety nor independence but in a moderate monarchial state; a form which had been acknowledged during a long period, and by each nation in its turn, as the most perfect, and, if not absolutely so, yet as much as the nature of man will admit. But doubtless, if perfection were the lot of humanity, we might then dispense with a government of this kind.—Laws would then be founded in wisdom, and obeyed without reluctance or obstacle; virtue would reign triumphant, and ensure its own reward; vice would be banished, and wickedness rendered impotent; but illusions which favour such romantic ideas of human nature are transient; and experience soon brings us back to positive facts. However, even monarchy is not sufficient for a country, which though powerful and important, is not sufficiently so for its position, which requires forces of the first rank both by land and sea. It will, therefore, be necessary for it to form a connection with one of the great powers of Europe, with which its amity may be eternally assured without any alternation of its independence.

'This, gentlemen, is what your nation has done; this is the object of its constitutional laws, and also that of my taking upon me an employment so glorious; this is my object in placing myself in the midst of a people who are, and ever shall be mine, by my affection and my solicitude. With pride I perceive two of the principal means of government and confidence offering themselves to me; the honour and the virtue of the inhabitants.

'Yes, gentlemen, these shall be the real supporters of the throne—I wish for no other guides. For my part, I know no distinctions of religion or party—distinctions can only arise from merit and services.—My design is only to remedy the evils which the country has suffered. The duration of those evils, and the difficulty in remedying them, will only increase and realise my glory. To effect these objects, I have occasion for the entire confidence of the nation, their complete devotion, and all the talents of the distinguished men whom it contains, but particularly of you, gentlemen, whose zeal, talents, and patriotism are well known. I am at this moment appealing it to the good and faithful Hollanders, before the deputies of the provinces and principal cities of the kingdom. I see them round me with pleasure. Let them bear to their fellow citizens the assurance of my solicitude and my affection: let them carry the same testimony of these sentiments to Amsterdam; that city which is the honour of commerce and of the country; that city which I wish to call my good and faithful capital, though the Hague will always remain the residence of the sovereign.—Let them also carry these assurances to their fellow citizens, and the deputies of that neighbouring city, the prosperity of which I hope very soon to renew, and whose inhabitants I distinguish.

'It is by these sentiments, gentlemen, it is by the union of all orders of people in the state, and by that of my subjects among themselves; it is by the devotion of each individual to his duties, the only basis of real honour assigned to men; but principally by the unanimity which has hitherto preserved these provinces from all dangers and calamities, and which has ever been their shield, that I expect the tranquillity, safety, and glory of their nation, and the happiness of my life.'

GERMANY.

The Vienna Gazette of the 11th of June, contains the following particulars under the head of Turkey:

'The Servian insurgents, hitherto so uniformly successful against the troops of the grand seignor, have been defeated by the Bosniaks. The enmity of these two tribes towards each other has in consequence been enflamed to an uncommon degree, and great multitudes

multitudes of Servians have already taken the field againſt the latter.

The preparations of the porte on the Drina are continued without intermiſſion. Numerous detachments of troops daily paſs through the capital, on their march from Natolia to that quarter. Cadi Pacha is alſo on his march from Conia, with a body of from 10,000 to 12,000 men. Ibrahim, pacha of Albania, has declined the proffered command of the grand army at Sophia, until the ſtate of things in the vicinity of his pachalic ſhall aſſume a more ſettled aſpect. On the 12th of May near 13,000 troops, diſciplined on the new plan, began their march from the barracks, to act partly againſt the Servians, and partly againſt other tribes in Romelia; who ſtill abſolutely refuſe to ſubmit to the government of Nizani Gedid.

The Reis Effendi has given count Itallinſky to underſtand, that the porte may be placed in unpleaſant circumſtances with regard to another power, ſhould the Montenegrins, as Turkiſh ſubjects, continue to give any active aſſiſtance in maintaining poſſeſſion of the Cattaro.

WEST INDIES.

The American papers, received to the 14th ult. contain, with reſpect to the expedition of general Miranda, ſo many improbabilities and inconſiſtencies, that we are not without hopes they may prove wholly unfounded.—One account attributes the diſcovery of the plan to the timidity of his brother. Miranda, on his arrival off Barcelona, is ſaid to have written a letter to his brother on ſhore, acquainting him with his intention, and adviſing him, his mother, and ſiſter, to retire into the interior, and to take with them the moſt valuable of their property. His brother was alarmed; and, leſt he ſhould be ſuſpected of being concerned in the enterprize, he communicated the contents of the letter to the governor-general of the Carraccas. This account ſeems to have been fabricated in the united ſtates.

It is well known that Miranda proceeded from Jacmel to the little iſland of Aruba, ſituated a ſmall diſtance to the leeward of Curaçoa; he left it about the 16th of April, with the Leander and his two ſchooners, and was attempting a landing towards the province of Coro, when his little ſquadron fell in with two Spaniſh privateers, one of fourteen and the other of twelve guns, fitted out at Laguira by the government of Caraccas. The Leander, after attempting to engage the ſtouteſt, ſuddenly withdrew from the conteſt, crowded ſail, and eſcaped; the ſchooners were left to their own fate, and after a trifling reſiſtance ſtruck to the ſmalleſt of the Spaniſh privateers.—Two young Spaniards, who were on board of the ſchooners, anticipating their fate, threw themſelves over board and were drowned; the remainder were taken and carried into Porto Cavello, where they were lodged in jail; ſome of the leading men, young Smith among them, were immmediately ordered up to the Caraccas.

LONDON, *July* 25.

BY letters from moſt of the corn counties, it appears, that the late rains have generally produced the moſt beneficial effects on the growing crops, which in very few inſtances have been beaten down or injured in the ſmalleſt degree by the violence of the hail, &c. the fall of which has been very partial. The lightning, we underſtand, has cauſed great deſtruction among the ſwarms of pernicious inſects that had been generated in the fields and gardens in all parts of the country.

The thunder ſtorm on Thurſday laſt was moſt dreadful in the neighbourhood of Hampton and Sunbury. Sunbury church was ſtruck by the lightning which very much damaged the building, and broke ſeveral of its windows.

The king has been pleaſed to grant a penſion of 100l. a year to the lady of the late ſir Andrew Mitchell, and 25l. a year to her daughter.

Biſhop Andrews, in his ſermon on matrimony, ſays, that *ten* women are

driven

driven to the altar for *one* that is *led* to it.

Statement of the pay of the foot guards, according to the new regulations.

	Present pay. s.	d.	Incr. & pay. s.	d.
Serjeant major and qu. master ſerjeant	2	4¾	2	8
Serjeant -	1	10¾	2	0
Corporal, after 14 years ſervice	1	4¾	1	7
From 7 to 14	1	0	1	6
Below 7 years ſervice		-	1	5
Privates, after 14 years ſervice -		-	1	3
From 7 to 14	1	1	1	2
Below 7 years ſervice, no advance.				

The celebrated match between the prince's horſe Pavilion, and mr. Melliſh's Sancho, for 1000 guineas, took place yeſterday afternoon on the race courſe at Brighton, and was won by Pavilion. Sancho having broke down when about thirty yards from the winning poſt, upon which Pavilion paſſed him. The odds were in favour of Pavilion at ſtarting.

The metropolis was yeſterday again viſited by one of the moſt awful and tremendous ſtorms we ever remember to have witneſſed. It commenced about two o'clock, and continued with undiminiſhed violence until near three. The rain fell in ſuch torrents as to reſemble in a great degree thoſe periodical deſcents ſo common in the Weſt Indies. The water roſe ſo high in the lower parts of the city, as to fill the kitchens and cellars of the houſes, and in ſome parts of the borough, bridges of boats were conſtructed for the foot paſſengers. The lightning was uncommonly vivid. At the houſe of meſſrs. Hodſoll and Stirling, bankers, in the Strand, two ſervants were daſhed from a front window to the oppoſite ſide of the room. Their hair was ſinged, but they received no material injury. The maſts of ſeveral ſhips in the river were ſhivered from top to bottom; and we underſtand, that at Iſlington, one or two houſes were knocked down.

26.] Mr. Fox has been cloſely confined to his room for the laſt three days. On Thurſday night, fomentations and poultices were applied to both his legs, with a view to draw down the very acute pain or ſpaſms which were ſeated in the ſtomach. The prince of Wales, for many days previous to his departure for Brighton, conſtantly viſited the right hon. ſecretary about ſeven o'clock in the evening, and remained with him about an hour each time. Yeſterday morning he was viſited by mr. Baldwin and general Fitzpatrick; he was then rather better, having had a favourable night. We are happy to add, that his conſtitution was at a late conſultation of phyſicians pronounced to be in a much better ſtate than has been ſuppoſed, and conſequently, they did not conſider their patient in any danger.

On Tueſday ſe'nnight, a policy was opened in the coffee-room, Glaſgow, when 50 guineas was paid in caſh, to receive 100 pounds, if preliminary articles of peace, between Great Britain and France, be not ſigned on or before the 1ſt day of October. The policy, which was for 700 pounds, was filled up in half an hour.

It appears by a late calculation, that the number of banks in the united ſtates, in 1805, was 72: Bank notes in circulation 15,000,000 of dollars.—Metallic medium 18,000,000 of dollars; free perſons 5,153,000; ſlaves 1,024,000; total population 5,180,000; total increaſe of population in 1805, 180,000; militia 1,100,000; navy 24 veſſels, carrying 574 guns; ſeamen, 56,000.

27.] A houſe in Flint-ſtreet, near the king's bench, was conſiderably damaged by the lightning on Thurſday; the chimney was thrown down, the roof deſtroyed, and the windows forced out, happily without any one ſuſtaining the leaſt injury. An apartment in the houſe which ſuffered moſt caught fire, but was extinguiſhed.

In Great Scotland yard, Whitehall, it entered the houſe of mr. Rogers, farmer, whoſe wife, with a child in her arms, was knocked down, but received no injury, except the fright. Two of the journeymen, Thomas and

James Hawkins, the former of whom was working at the anvil, received violent ſhocks, which deprived them of ſenſation at the time, and left moſt acute pains in their elbows, and acroſs their breaſts. The blaze of light was attended with a ſulphureous exhalation. Part of the ball broke on a cart wheel, attracted by the iron.

A thunder-bolt fell in Garden court, Gray's-Inn-lane, and drove one of the paving-ſtones ten feet deep into the earth, without doing any further damage.

Monday week there was pulled in a garden on the weſt ſide of Barrowfield bridge, near Glaſgow, poſſeſſed by William Stevenſon, 85 gooſeberries, which meaſured a Scotch pint, or nearly two Engliſh quarts. We underſtand he had a conſiderable number of buſhes then unpulled, with berries of nearly an equal ſize.

28.] This morning the gentlemen who were to bid for the lottery waited on lord Grenville, at his houſe in Downing-ſtreet. The bidding was only for one lottery, and the terms offered by the different parties being the ſame, viz. 16l. 12s. per ticket, they all joined and took it among them.—The lottery is to conſiſt of 20,000 tickets, and to commence drawing on 13th October, and to finiſh on the 15th of November.

The following are the names of the parties who contracted for the lottery:

Richardſon, Swift, and co.
T. Biſh and co.
Shewell, Towgood, and co.
Henſley, Pully, and co.
Cope and co.

The Marq. Cornwallis.—The Britiſh inhabitants of India have reſolved, in addition to the general mourning which was adopted, as a public token of concern on the death of this nobleman, that a mauſoleum ſhall be erected over the place of his interment at Gazeepore, as a memorial of eſteem and reverence for his virtues, and of gratitude for eminent ſervices. A ſtatue of the marquis is alſo to be erected, in a convenient and conſpicuous place.—It is honourable to the memory of the marquis, that theſe marks of attention and reſpect emanated from the private feelings of the public, which, however, were amply ſeconded by the government.

On the 27th of May, a court martial was held on board the le Surveillante, at Jamaica, for the trial of four perſons belonging to that frigate, who, while in a ſmall prize at St. Andreas, endeavoured to deſert with her to the enemy.—The charge being fully proved, they were ſentenced to be hung. Two of them were executed on the 30th, and the others reſpited till orders are received from the admiralty.

Maldon barracks are to be converted into an hoſpital, for the reception of ſoldiers returned from Egypt afflicted with the ophthalmia. Many of their caſes are extremely doubtful.

During the late cruiſe of the Arethuſa frigate, in the Weſt Indies, ſhe was obliged to throw her guns overboard, to enable her to get off the Coloradas; and, ſoon afterwards, ſhe fell in with a Spaniſh 74, ſuppoſed to be the San Lorenzo, from the Havannah to Vera Cruz. Captain Breſbane having ſummoned his men on deck, and repreſented to them the ſituation of his ſhip, offered to lay the Arethuſa along ſide the enemy, that they might attempt to carry her by boarding; to which they all conſented with 3 cheers, and the frigate actually gave chace to the flying foe, on which ſhe fought for ſafety under the batteries of Moro.

A few days ago, in Lancaſhire, 40 men were committed to priſon, charged with a moſt unnatural and horrid crime. Several perſons of property are in the number, and all are to abide their trials at the next aſſizes for that ſhire.

During the thunder ſtorm, on Wedneſday, two horſes, the property of G. Porter, eſq. of Weald, were killed by the lightning. The ſervant that attended them was found by their ſide, apparently lifeleſs; he ſeemed to recover during the night, but died the following morning.

On Sunday ſe'nnight an affair of ho-

nour

nour was decided in a field near a certain borough in the north riding of Yorkſhire, between an attorney's clerk and a hatter. The parties, at half paſt ſeven in the morning, with their ſeconds and a few acquaintances, took their ground and fired.—The *quill-driver* fell, clapping his hands to his ſide, and exclaiming, 'the ball had entered his left ſide.' The ſpectators, knowing that the piſtols were charged with powder only, ruſhed up to the dying hero, to convince him that the wound was not mortal. His antagoniſt ſtood mute and trembling, till he knew the reſult. One of the ſpectators thruſt a butcher's ſteel through his coat pocket, ſaying the ball had only entered there, inſtead of his ſide. He immediately jumped up, and declared that it muſt have gone very near, for it not only ſtunned him, but had taken off his left ſide breeches pocket button.—The piſtols were then loaded again, and the heroes fired another round; of courſe *both miſſed*. The ſeconds then interfered, and the matter was made up.

A duel was fought at Brighton, on Friday, between lord Barrymore, and mr. Howorth, in conſequence of a difference at whiſt. They exchanged ſhots; after which the matter was adjuſted by the ſeconds.

29.] It is ſuppoſed that mr. Fox's illneſs will oblige him to tender his reſignation, if he has not already tendered it: and it was reported laſt night, that a ſucceſſor would be named in a few days. Earl Moira and mr. T. Grenville were both mentioned, but we totally miſbelieve the rumour as far as it relates to lord Moira.

It is ſtated, in the report of the Britiſh and foreign bible ſociety, that of 335,000 perſons, the population of the highlands of Scotland, 300,000 ſpeak chiefly, no other language than the Gaelic.

31.] Yeſterday afternoon, the earl of Lauderdale had a long private converſation with mr. Fox, and, it is ſuppoſed, received from the right honourable ſecretary his laſt inſtructions preparatory to his lordſhip's departure for Paris.

To notice the reports concerning both which are echoed from the ſtock exchange, would be only ſpreading ſtill wider the circulation of the moſt groundleſs falſehoods.

We are happy in being authorized to repeat, that the public buſineſs in the foreign department has not ſuffered the leaſt interruption in conſequence of mr. Fox's illneſs. He attends to it with equal zeal and ability; and though his recovery does not keep pace with the ardour of the public wiſhes, we hope it will ultimately prove certain, from its being ſlow and regular.

DUBLIN, *July* 28, 1806.

BY a letter from Mullingar, we learn that the late melancholy diſpute at Tullamore originated in the following trivial circumſtance: A boy of the town paſſing with a ſtick or ſwitch which ſtruck the fancy of one of the German ſoldiers, and the boy refuſing to indulge him with it, ſome violence was reſorted to by the ſoldier. This conduct induced the interference of one of the militia quartered there, and the contention between thoſe individuals brought forward others of both regiments. The militia-man being made priſoner, his companions determined on his reſcue, and matters took ſo ſerious a turn that an expreſs had been ſent to general Dunn, at Birr, when the conteſt was with difficulty ſuppreſſed. The conſequences, however, of this unlucky event have been fatal in the loſs of ſome lives, and ſeveral deſperately wounded, among the latter are, we are informed, two of the German officers, one of whom is ſaid to be mortally injured.

At a meeting of the merchants of Waterford on Thurſday laſt, the thanks of that body were voted to ſir John Newport, for his unremitting attention to the intereſts of the united kingdom, and particularly for having introduced into parliament the grain intercourſe bill, which they conceive will be of

material

material and general benefit to this country.

The earl of Lauderdale is ſworn a member of the privy council, ſince his appointment as keeper of the ſignet of Scotland.

Sir John Newport, bart. and John P. Curran, eſq. were on Friday ſworn of his majeſty's privy council.

The marquis of Ely was preſented to the king on Monday laſt.

It is reported that George Maquay and Edward Taylor, eſqrs. have been appointed commiſſioners of the revenue in Ireland.

On Tueſday laſt, lord Headly, of Aghadoe, arrived at the houſe of Wm. Wilſon, eſq. Tralee; his lordſhip, having very lately attained his 21ſt year, ſucceeds to a very large fortune, in the county Kerry, in right of his maternal grandfather, the late Arthur Blennerhaſſet, eſq. of Bath.

29.] The advantages to be derived from encreaſing the trade of thoſe countries with Canada, in preference to that which exiſts with the united ſtates of America, is ſtated in the following extract from *The Political Weekly Review*:

Beſides the vaſt productions of all ſorts of grain which are to be obtained in Upper Canada, there yet remains a ſource of wealth and of induſtry, which has been wholly neglected by government; I mean the fiſhery. The lakes and rivers abound with ſalmon, ſturgeon, and many different kinds of ſea fiſh; they alſo abound with ſuch a variety of freſh water fiſh, that it is ſuppoſed there are many ſorts in them which have never yet been named. In every part of the river St. Lawrence fiſh is to be found in ſuch great abundance, that if the fiſheries were properly attended to, particularly the ſalmon fiſhery, the country would be even more enriched thereby than by the fur trade. In reſpect to timber, no country in the world can equal it. The variety of trees found in the foreſts is prodigious; and many kinds are yet unknown; beech, oaks, elms, aſhes, pines, ſycamores, cheſnuts, walnuts of ſeveral different ſpecies, are every where to be met with; ſo that a conſiderable part of the lumber requiſite for the conſumption of the Weſt India iſlands may be had from Canada, one hundred per cent. cheaper than from the united ſtates of America. The province of Lower Canada is literally choaked with theſe articles; ſtill the Americans get the preference, becauſe our government gives no encourgement to its own coloniſts to export the produce of their ſoil. Nothing will more fully demonſtrate the truth of this obſervation than the following prices current at New York on the 3d laſt May, contraſted with the value of the ſame articles in Canada. All the articles here enumerated may be obtained in Canada, at inferior prices.

	Dols.	Cts.
White beans	1	50
Superfine flour per barrel, from	7	50
Superfine flour per barrel, to	7	75
Common ditto per barrel, from	7	0
Common ditto per barrel, to	7	25
Middling ditto per barrel	5	50
Wheat per buſhel	1	62
Rye per ditto	0	87
Oats per ditto	0	45
Hemp per ton	240	0
Oak boards per M. feet	17	50
Albany boards piece	0	19
Scantling pine per M. feet	12	50
Staves, white oak pipe, per M.	62	50
Staves, hhd. per M.	40	0
Hhd. heading per M.	45	0
Red oak hhd. per M.	27	50
——barrel per T.	27	50
Hoops, hhd. new	27	50

Theſe are the principal articles neceſſary for conſumption in the Weſt Indies, and Canada is capable of furniſhing all of them. With reſpect to the cultivation of hemp in Canada, I am warranted to aſſert, that in leſs than ten years, if proper meaſures be purſued, the province will be able to ſupply the Britiſh navy.

The ſeveral light brigades of militia in this country are to be diſcontinued from the 24th inſt. and will immediately march to join their reſpective regiments.

Government, we find, are determined upon the ſtricteſt inveſtigation into the

the conduct of the military in the affray which took place between ſome of the German legion, and ſome of the militia on Tueſday laſt at Tullamore—for which purpoſe general Floyd, commander in chief of the forces, accompanied by mr. Buſhe, his majeſty's ſolicitor general, are gone thither. Much as every man muſt deplore ſuch an occurrence having taken place, yet it muſt give ſatisfaction to find tranquillity exiſts throughout the country, as not an individual in the place took any part in the tranſaction, ſave the military who were engaged.

It is with infinite pleaſure we have to announce, that the coal mines which belonged to the grand canal company, after much labour and great perſeverance, have at length began to return to the proprietors ſome equivalent for the multiplied expences which they have incurred. In the courſe of laſt week, a cargo of ſixty tons was conveyed from the collieries in the Queen's county, by the canal line, to the new harbour in Portobello. It is almoſt unneceſſary for us to mention that it was inſtantly purchaſed, and with the greateſt avidity. Coals, in much greater quantities, are expected up in the courſe of this week, which, no doubt, will find immediate purchaſers. The grand canal company, with the moſt creditable degree of public ſpirit have lowered the tolls—ſo that in a very ſhort time, we hope to ſee the city of Dublin ſupplied with Iriſh coals, at a much more reaſonable rate than we can have them from England.

30.] The troops which compoſe our garriſon, were exerciſed on Saturday laſt in the Phœnix park; the whole are in preparation for a grand review upon the arrival of general lord Harrington, the newly appointed commander-in-chief of Ireland.

In addition to what has been already mentioned relative to the affair of Tullamore, accounts have reached us, giving a different relation of the cauſe of quarrel, which, if true, muſt exculpate the Germans entirely; but finding it impoſſible to aſcertain with preciſion, what is really the fact, we ſhall only inform our readers, that lieutenant general Floyd, and the ſolicitor general (mr. Buſhe), with general Dunn, &c. are engaged at Tullamore, in making a thorough inveſtigation of this unpleaſant buſineſs, and we can entertain no doubt that through them, juſtice will be done to all parties, and proper means taken to prevent any further interruption to that good underſtanding that ought to exiſt among all deſcriptions of our military force.

The turbet fiſhery at Ayr has been ſo ſucceſsful, that even the poorer claſs of inhabitants there are now ſupplied with that delicious fiſh at a very moderate price.

Dr. H. Jackſon has lately publiſhed a work relating to the fever of Gibraltar, in which he gives it as his opinion, that this and other epidemic fevers in tropical climates, are dependant on a peculiar inflammatory ſtate of the brain, ariſing from the application of noxious particles generated in the atmoſphere only, and not capable of being multiplied by their influence on the perſons affected; and conſequently that theſe diſeaſes are not contagious. This new theory, he thinks, may be extended to epidemic fevers in general, all the phenomena of which he believes may be deduced from this primary diſorder in the origin of the nervous ſyſtem.

A live toad was lately found in a block of ſtone, at Newark, which a workman was dividing with wedges.—It was of a white colour, and meaſured three inches and a half in length. The brilliancy of the light appeared to overcome its faculties, as it immediately ſtretched out its legs and ſeemed exhauſted. It died in about an hour, during which time it was ſeen by many hundreds of the inhabitants. A ſmall indention appeared at one end of the hole, the inſide of which was ſmooth and black, and contained about a quarter of an ounce of a ſubſtance apparently of a nature betwixt ſand and animal matter.

STORM IN IRELAND.

Kilkenny, July 30.—On Monday, about one o'clock, commenced one of

the

the moſt tremendous thunder ſtorms we ever remember. It continued upwards of an hour and a half with very little intermiſſion, and was accompanied with ſuch torrents of rain as completely inundated many of the lower ſtreets of this city; John-ſtreet in particular was rendered abſolutely impaſſable for a conſiderable part of the day. At firſt it was heard at a diſtance, till the vivid flaſhes of lightning, rapidly ſucceeding each other, were followed by the moſt dreadful peals of thunder, which ſeemed to burſt over our heads. Every peal was ſucceeded by torrents of rain accompanied with hail ſtones of ſuch extraordinary ſize as have ſeldom been witneſſed in this country, particularly at this ſeaſon of the year. Among many other accidents which have occurred, we have to mention the awful death of a young girl of the name of Kelly, who lived on Green's hill, near the factory, in the neighbourhood of this city: A quantity of the electric fluid ſtruck againſt the outward part of the chimney, thence deſcending downwards it entered the window, one or two panes had been broken, probably by the concuſſion; in the paſſage from that to the window, at the other extremity of the houſe, the unfortunate girl had been ſpinning.—Alarmed by the inceſſant burſting of the thunder, ſhe was preparing to leave it, when the electric fluid paſſed the ſeveral rafters ſupporting a ſtraw roof, without injuring them in the ſlighteſt degree, but killed her inſtaneouſly before it reached the oppoſite window, in which it alſo broke three or four panes, and tore the plaſtering from about it in an extraordinary manner. The girl's hair was burned, part of her face ſcorched, her lips rendered black, and ſome degree of ſwelling appears to have been produced in her neck.

A gentleman in Back lane, drawing on his boots in the hall, was ſtunned by a dreadful craſh, which ſeemed to burſt through the window near him; the ſervant maid, who had been in the drawing room with the children, ran out in the utmoſt conſternation. The lightning, after breaking a large ſpout on the top of the houſe, deſcended, probably through the chimneys, and was immediately attracted by the wire of the bell which it melted into ſmall pieces, and paſſed off, fortunately without doing any other injury than blackening the walls as far as the wire extended.

Aug. 4.] Lord Harrington, the commander of the forces, arrived on Tueſday night, and is to remain at Leech's hotel, until his lordſhip's apartments are ready at the royal hoſpital.

The effects of lightning were ſeverely felt on Monday laſt in the neighbourhood of Glanogra, co. Limerick; a cow of mr. W. Gleeſon's was ſtruck dead, and 65 cocks of hay, belonging to others, *were blown into the air, and not a trace of them afterwards ſeen!!!*—*Saund.*

Same day about four o'clock, a very violent thunder-ſtorm was experienced at Ballynivogue, near Dromin, in the ſame county, and by a whirlwind four trees were torn up by the roots, and a peaſant's houſe demoliſhed.—*Ibid.*

We are concerned to hear, that a moſt reſpectable and opulent merchant of this city, put a period to his exiſtence on Friday by ſhooting himſelf.—The cauſe which led to this raſh and melancholy cataſtrophe, we underſtand to have been a ſpeculation in flax-ſeed, in which he is ſaid to have loſt about 12,000l.; but what renders it more extraordinary is, that he has left behind him a fortune of above 30,000l.!!!

The rev. mr. Caſſidy, a clergyman of the church of Rome, alighting from his horſe a few days ſince near Baldoyle, in ſome unaccountable manner by the turning of the beaſt, was ſo materially injured, that he died ſhortly afterwards. He was a gentleman of innocent manners and exemplary piety.

It is recommended to farmers to cut their blighted wheat as early as poſſible, and lay it down in handfuls, united, on the ſtubble, with the ears hanging into the furrows. By turning it for

nine

nine or ten days, it will ripen without losing its plumpness. Wheat ripened this way will produce more in quality, and be much thinner in the bran, than if left to stand till quite ripe.

6.] Lord Ponsonby, who has been some time ill is much better.

The volunteering from the Irish militia commenced on Monday.

We hear from Drogheda, that comparatively but little rain fell in that quarter for the last ten days, to what has fallen in this city. The harvest, particularly the corn and potatoes throughout the counties of Louth and Meath, promises the most abundant crops.

Accounts were received in town yesterday, stating the sudden and melancholy death of the earl of Landaff, at Swansea, on Wednesday last. His lordship was in perfect health the evening before, out walking and enjoying the beauties of the romantic scenery in the neighbourhood of Swansea.—He had also bespoke a play for the following evening. In the interim he was found dead in his bed!

He was created on Sept. 20, 1783, baron Landaff, of Thomastown, in the county of Tipperary; and advanced to the dignity of a viscount, December 20, 1793, and to that of an earl, Nov. 1797. Married Sept. 6, 1754, first Elisha, second daughter of James Smith, and sister to sir Skeffington Smith, bart. by whom (who died in Aug. 1781) he had issue, Francis James, born Jan. 20, 1768; married July 10, 1797, miss Latouche—Montague, born Aug. 13, 1773, colonel in the army—George, born 1779, died in 1790—Elisha. His lordship married, secondly, in June 1784, Catherine, second daughter of the late earl of Massareene, by whom (who died Feb. 9, 1796) he had no issue.

His lordship is succeeded in his titles of earl, viscount, and baron Landaff, and estate, by his son, lord Mathew, M.P. for the county of Tipperary; of course there is a vacancy in the representation of that county.

Extract of a letter from Portglenone, dated 4th August, 1806.

'For several days there have been very great rains in this neighbourhood, and the northern parts of the county Antrim.

'Early on Friday evening last we had here a violent storm: the sun was suddenly obscured, the sky darkened, and after a short but weighty shower of hail, every soul was suddenly alarmed by a vivid blaze of lightning, like a sheet of flame, and at the same instant a tremendous peal of thunder, much louder than had ever been remembered by any one hereabouts.

'The lightning struck the top of a high maypole placed in the centre of the town, divided a globular cap affixed to it into two equal parts, and in its passage downwards, completely split and shattered one side of it from top to bottom, projecting some of the splinters of the broken pole to several perches distance. Happily no life was lost, but the alarm and consternation produced was for some time extreme.'

The following receipt for keeping flies out of apartments and stables, and driving them away from horses, was sold, in a sealed cover at the Leipsic Michaelmas fair at a high price, and had a very extensive sale. Put into an earthen pot half a pound of cantharides, an ounce and a half of gourd seed; mother-wort, sassafras, root of St. John's wort, and spirit of ants, of each half an ounce; a quarter of an ounce of orpiment, and a good handful of savin, the whole cut small or reduced to powder; close the pot hermetically, luting the interstices of the lid with flour paste. After the contents of the pot have boiled sufficiently, take it from the fire, and let it stand 24 hours in a cool place; then uncover the pot, and with a feather smear the frames of the windows and doors, both of apartments and stables, from which you are desirous of keeping the flies. —A single coat is sufficient for the whole season; but if the rain should chance to take it off, care must be taken to renew it. The smell of this preparation, which is scarcely perceptible to man, is so unsupportable to flies, that there is not a single instance of one having entered by an open window or door

door to which this liquid has been applied. To keep them away from horſes, it is ſufficient to beſmear the harneſs, the girth or the ſaddle, with this liquid.

BIRTHS.

ON Friday laſt, at Stramore-houſe, county Down, the lady of John Nicholſon, eſq. of a ſon.—Mrs. Dillon, of Mount Dillon, of a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

BY ſpecial licenſe, at St. George's chapel, by the archbiſhop of Dublin, viſcount Monck, to the right hon. lady Frances French, fifth daughter of the late earl of Clancarty.—Mr. Lynch, of Lane, to miſs Duff, of Skerries.—At Dromore, mr. James Spear, to miſs Sarah Patrick.—In Euſtace-ſtreet, by ſpecial licenſe, lieut. Harvey Weſtman, of the 1ſt bat. of the 9th regiment of foot, to miſs Pigott, eldeſt daughter of Robert Pigott, eſq. inſpector general of exciſe.—At Galway, Martin Kirwan, eſq. to miſs Mary Burke, youngeſt daughter of Myles Burke, eſq. deceaſed.—At Athlone, W. Knight, eſq. of Cloonburne, near Ballinaſloe, to miſs Ann Proudfoot, of Athlone.—On Saturday laſt, mr. Robert M'Kibbin, merchant, to miſs Robinſon, both of Belfaſt.—In Caſtle-ſtreet, on the 2d Auguſt, mr. R. Gibſon, of Upper Ormond-quay, to miſs J. Dyas.—John Tuthill, eſq. to miſs Beere, of Rathmines.—At Galway, Conſtantine O'Hara, eſq. attorney, to miſs Alicia Lyden, daughter of mr. Lyden, of Galway, merchant.—Geo. Stapleton, of Mountjoy-place, to miſs Bodkin of Mountjoy-ſquare.—Thomas E. Thorpe, of Synnott-place, to miſs Croſbie, of Lower Dorſet-ſtreet.—Nathaniel Sneyd, eſq. M. P. for the county Cavan, to miſs Anne Burgh, daughter of Thos. Burgh, eſq. commiſſioner of his majeſty's revenue.—Silveſter Prendergaſt, of Francis ſt. eſq. to miſs Ward, of Upper Bridge-ſtreet.

DEATHS.

On the 30th July, in the bloom of youth, and moſt deſervedly lamented, miſs Fitzgerald, daughter to Thomas Fitzgerald, eſq. of Geraldine, co. Kildare. No ſimilar occurrence in that county appears to have given ſuch general concern ſince the death of his grace of Leinſter.—A correſpondent from that part tells us, that 'if ever heavenly ſenſibility endowed a human underſtanding it was hers.'—On the 30th June, at Black-rock lady Newenham, wife of ſir E. Newenham.—At Panſilibo, near Carrickfergus, mrs. Burleigh, relict of the late Wm. Burleigh, of Dublin, eſq.—At Woodview, near Warringſtown, the rev. John Stockdale.——In Mountrath, Queen's co. mr. Chriſtopher Carliſle, late of Werburgh-ſtreet, linen-draper. At Newry, after a few days illneſs, in the 57th year of his age, the rev. W. Laing, miniſter of the ſeceding preſbyterian congregation there.—At Dromore, miſs Suſanna Patrick, daughter of the rev. Iſaac Patrick, Magherally.—At Sutton, G. W. Molyneux, eſq. ſon of the late and brother to the preſent ſir Capel Molyneux, bart.—At Proſpect, county Mayo, the wife of Charles Coghlan, eſq.—In Cork, mr. Frederick Thomas.—At Ardview, miſs Fanny Potter, youngeſt daughter of Thomas Potter, eſq.—At Longfield Glebe, in the county Tyrone, mrs. Elizabeth Elliſon, wife of the rev. Thomas Elliſon, and relict of the late Hopton Butler Cox, of Mount Butler, in the King's county, eſq.——At Grange Gorman-lane, mr. Mathew Murphy, of Thomas-court.—Mr. William Duffey, of Bolton-ſtreet, grocer.—Mr. Launcelot Dowdal, printer.—Wedneſday, whilſt bathing at the South Wall, mr. John Mulock, of Weſtmoreland-ſtreet, grocer; he was ſeized with a ſudden illneſs in the water, which deprived him of exiſtence, notwithſtanding the efforts of many perſons preſent to reſtore life.——At Galway, the rev. Pierce Blake, of the order of St. Francis.—In Mary-ſtreet, mr. Peter Covey, umbrella-maker.

SIR Wm SIDNEY SMITH BART. K.C.

Rear Admiral of the Blue